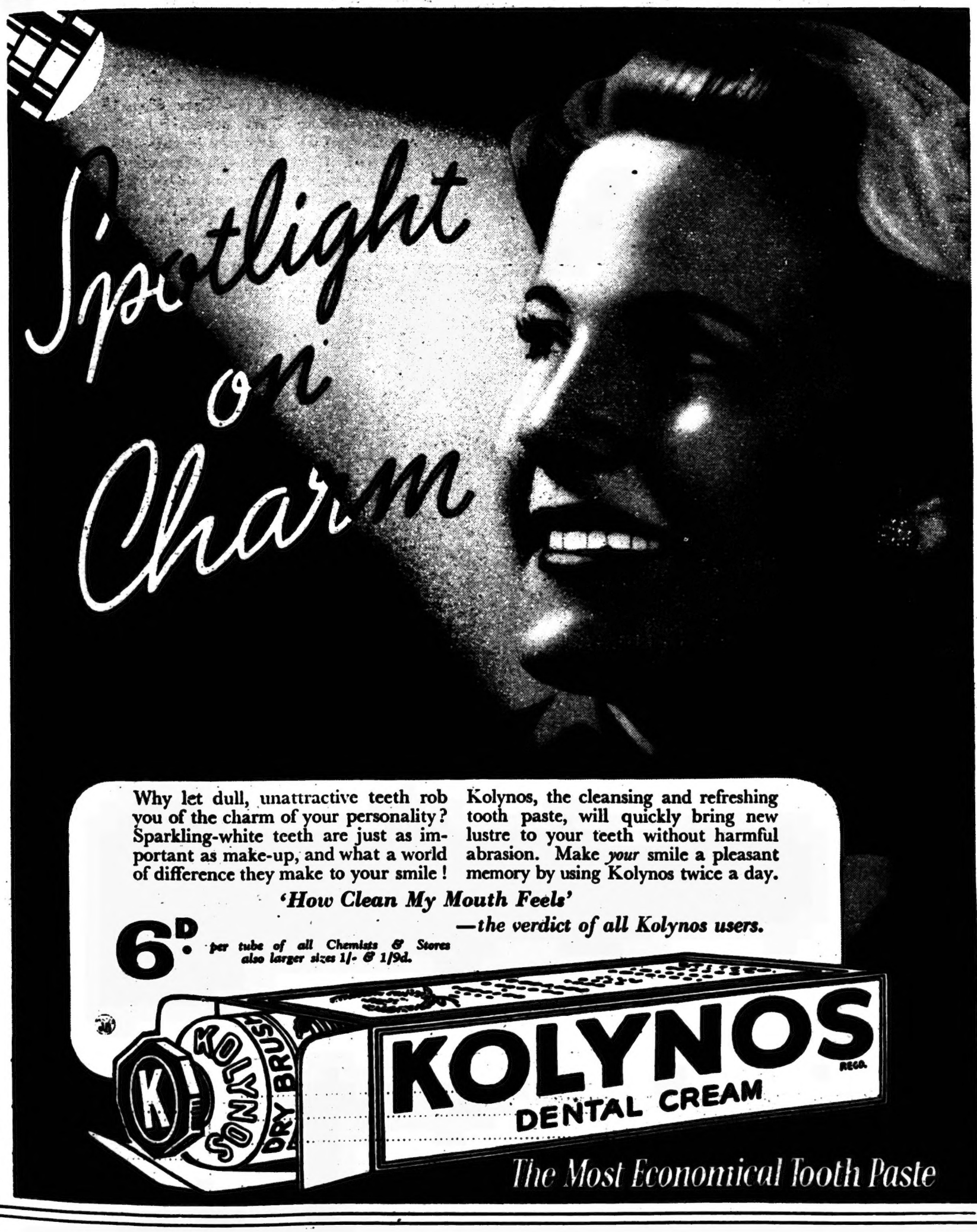
JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 3, 1940.
VOL. LXVII. 1755.

RADIOS, CHEQUES and LIFE PENSION

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE



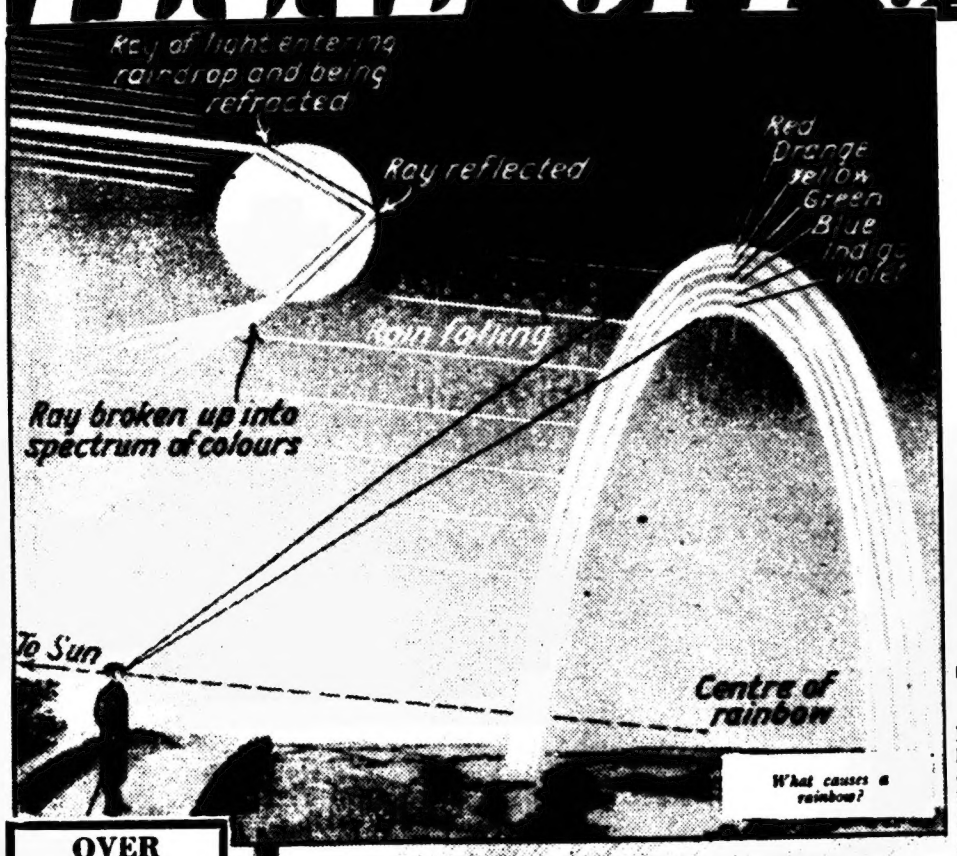
Why let dull, unattractive teeth rob you of the charm of your personality? Sparkling-white teeth are just as important as make-up, and what a world of difference they make to your smile! Kolynos, the cleansing and refreshing tooth paste, will quickly bring new lustre to your teeth without harmful abrasion. Make *your* smile a pleasant memory by using Kolynos twice a day.

'How Clean My Mouth Feels'
—the verdict of all Kolynos users.

6D. *per tube of all Chemists & Stores also larger sizes 1/- & 1/9d.*

The Most Economical Tooth Paste

FINAL OPPORTUNITY


Ray of light entering raindrop and being refracted
Ray reflected
Red Orange Yellow Green Blue Indigo Violet
Sun falling
Ray broken up into spectrum of colours
To Sun
Centre of rainbow
What causes a rainbow?

OVER

300

AMAZING PICTURES

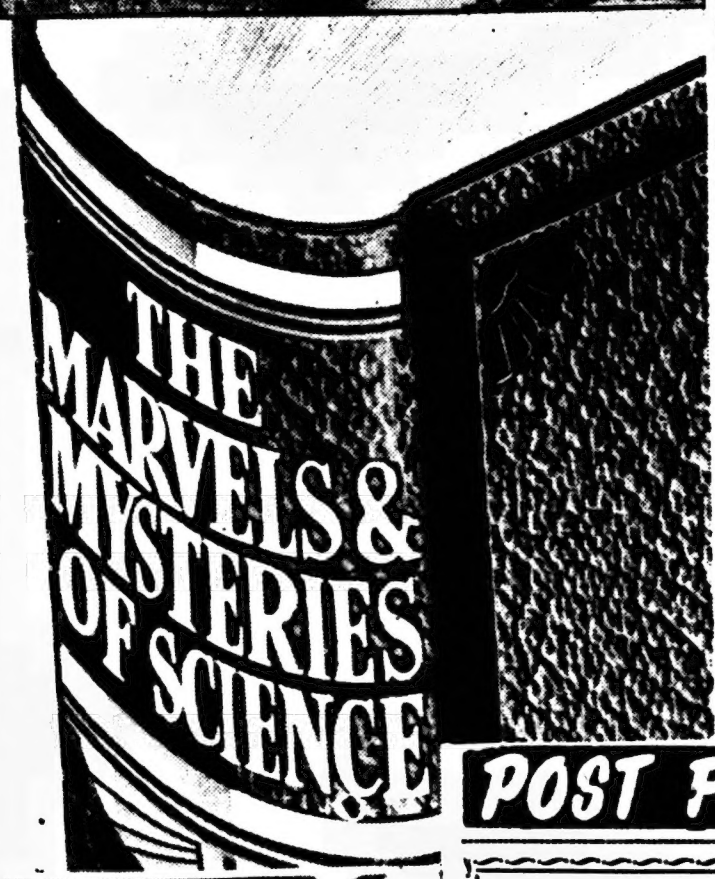
including many wonderful

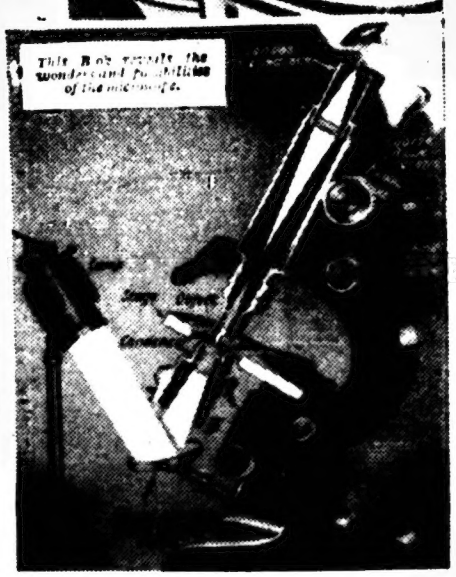
EXPLANATORY DIAGRAMS

*

Some of the thousands of amazing secrets explained in this Book.

HOW LIFE FIRST APPEARED.
THE SECRET OF THE LIFE CELL.
IS THERE LIFE ON MARS?
THE SECRETS OF ELECTRICITY.
WHAT CAUSES MAGNETISM?
HOW A COMPASS WORKS.
HOW A DYNAMO OPERATES.
HOW PEARLS ARE MADE.
WHAT MAKES NOTES COME FROM MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS?
HOW A BAROMETER WORKS.
HOW CENTRAL HEATING WORKS.
HOW ELECTRIC BELLS WORK.
HOW A SUBMARINE PERISCOPE WORKS.
HOW AN ACCUMULATOR IS MADE.
HOW FAST DOES A BOMB HIT THE EARTH?
HOW DO RANGE-FINDERS WORK?
HOW SCIENTISTS SPLIT THE ATOM.
WHAT MAKES AN AIR RAID SYREN SO LOUD?
WHAT CAUSES EARTHQUAKES?
HOW THE RAINBOW IS CAUSED.
THE MARVEL OF SOUND WAVES.
MEASURING THE SPEED OF LIGHT.
THE WORKING OF THE THERMOMETER.
HOW METAL IS MAGNETISED.
ANIMAL COURTSHIP.
INSECTS UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.
MYSTERIES AND MARVELS OF PLANT LIFE.
WHAT CAUSES AN ECLIPSE?
MOON'S MYSTERIOUS RAYS.
HOW HEAT TRAVELS.
WHY THE MOON CAUSES TIDES.
ETC., ETC., ETC.





"The MARVELS and MYSTERIES of SCIENCE"

"John Bull's" Great New Book for every reader!

ENTIRELY NEW—Now Coming off the press—Over 500 amazing photographs and explanatory diagrams—Over 50,000 astonishing facts—the most complete and up-to-date story of the Wonders of Science—the Mysteries of the Universe—the Secrets of the Earth—the Achievements of Man—and The Miracles of Life Itself!

THIS week "John Bull" announces the last chance to secure its great new work "THE MARVELS AND MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE." Readers who have not already applied must do so now or it will be too late! Simply send Forms below together with 3d. in Stamps. This reserves and guarantees your volume in your name. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Don't be too late! Post Final Forms below to-day!

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Specially written in simple non-technical English, this book takes you on a wondrous voyage of adventure and discovery.

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For the Standard Edition, with stiff covers bound in Dark Blue Morocco-grained Art Leathercloth, embossed in gold, you send, after you have received your Invoice, only 2s. 9d., plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

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Fill in the Final Reservation Forms below, affix a halfpenny stamp to the Label and post at once together with your reservation fee of 3d. (Threepence) in stamps. Be sure to indicate Edition required. On receipt of Forms you will be sent a Privilege Invoice entitling you to secure your Book on the special Privilege terms. You then send in your remittance and your volume will be dispatched, carriage paid, the moment it is off the press. Hurry! Don't be too late! Act now!

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"JOHN BULL"

Final Reservation Form

ADDRESS envelope exactly as shown and post to:
BOOK DEPT. J.B.2,
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LONDON, W.C.2 (Prof.).

Please reserve in my name "THE MARVELS AND MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE" and send me a Privilege Invoice entitling me to the special Privilege Price. I enclose with this Form 3d. (Threepence) in stamps as Reservation Fee. This guarantees my Volume in my name. I have indicated edition desired.

IMPORTANT

You must send with this Form and Label your Reservation Fee of 3d. (Threepence) in LOOSE STAMPS. Fill in your name and Full Postal Address in BLOCK LETTERS on Label and affix a ½d. (halfpenny) stamp to space provided. Form and Label and 3d. in stamps MUST be posted in a sealed envelope bearing a Three-halfpenny stamp.

STANDARD EDITION { You MUST cross out Edition NOT required. } DE LUXE EDITION

Write in BLOCK LETTERS

YOUR NAME.....

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DATE.....

Last day for receipt of Reservations from this announcement is Tuesday, February 13th. Offer applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. "John Bull," 3/2/40.

A halfpenny stamp MUST be affixed here by you.

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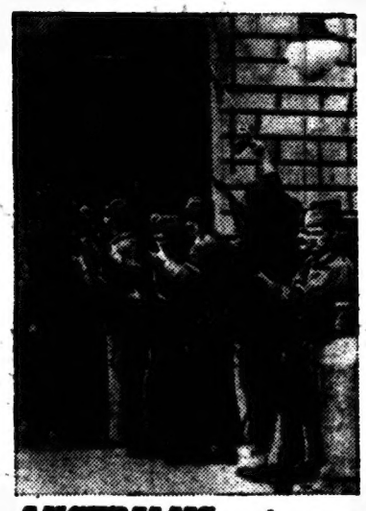
J.B.2.

THE COMING GERMAN REVOLUTION

CZECHS WON'T FORGET



AUSTRIANS WON'T FORGET

POLES WON'T FORGET

JEWS WON'T FORGET

WHEN will revolution break out in Germany? Who will start it? Can the Nazis last another winter? In "Illustrated," just out, are pages of dramatic pictures and a vivid article by a famous refugee that reveal the Nazis' trail of destruction—the hatred they have created against themselves—the increasing Sabotage in Germany—the vast forces gathering to destroy Nazism. Every week "Illustrated" brings you exclusive pictures you won't see anywhere else. Here are some of the other enthralling features in the issue just out.

COASTAL COMMAND—what our cameraman saw in his R.A.F. flight! BALKAN KEY-MEN. H. G. WELLS continues his world challenge on "THE RIGHTS OF MAN." SKI-ING—the new war weapon! There are also THREE COMPLETE STORIES and many JOKE DRAWINGS by Bairnsfather, Gilbert Wilkinson, A. C. Barrett, Rolfe and others.

Get "Illustrated" at once—at the same time ask your newsagent to reserve it for you every week.

ILLUSTRATED

JUST OUT!

THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE TO EARN MORE

SPARE TIME AGENT FOR US AND GET—
LIBERAL COMMISSION.
New Spring Catalogues Free.
GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL.
No "draw." No taking turns.
POSTAGES PAID.
Stationery supplied free.
NO RISK. NO OUTLAY.
Generous supply of samples allowed.
FAIREST OF EASY TERMS.
You do not need ten or twenty members.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

DESSANTS of LEICESTER 60 YEARS

THIS AMAZING NEW LIGHTER

DOES NOT USE PETROL FLINT, WHEELS OR WICK!

RAINPROOF GALEPROOF

5/11

The LATEST SENSATIONAL INVENTION from AMERICA.

Just remove the cap and—Hey, Presto! a hot flame which will not blow out even in a gale or downpour. Works EVERY TIME. No smoke or smell. Fits your pocket. Size only 2½ in. x ¾ in. The ideal lighter for Service Men and Women, A.R.P. Workers, Motorists, etc. Usually 8/6. Special Introductory Price for limited period only, 5/11, post and packing 3d. Send P.O. 6/3 NOW to secure. TRADE ENQUIRIES invited.

DAVIES & DYWIEN Ltd. (Dept. J.B.) 23 Newman St., London, W.1

HEATER for 10 x 8 Greenhouse **10/6** POST FREE. Send Cash with order. Satisfaction or refund. 100% Made

STEADY HEAT (Not Just 'Warmth')

BURNS 4 DAYS at FULL HEAT on 1 Gal. Paraffin. Strongly made, best British Steel, all welded and painted, raised easy-fill cap; clear mica window; easy control, firm chimney. FUNNELESS! (Don't risk old Heater.) Ideal for Bathroom, Cellar, Aviary, Outside Lav., etc. LIST FREE! 12 x 8 Greenhouse size 14/6. 14 x 8 ft. 5,000 sold this season. Meets A.R.P. regulations.

SEND NOW! *Buy before prices rise.*

STOCKPORT DISTRIBUTING CO. (Dept.J.B.), Hersey Street, Portwood, STOCKPORT.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

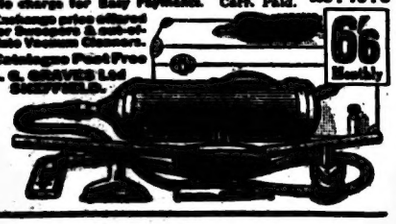
POWERFUL ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER of British make for A.C. or D.C. Mains, equal to more expensive machines, perfectly safe, warranted 1 year. Insulated ball bearing motor, handsomely covered body, bright parts chromium plated, rubber mounted hose, 15ft. cable, 3 extension handles, swivel nozzle, sterilising and deodorising unit, accessories for cleaning carpets, furniture, &c. Wood cabinet 24 x 13 x 10ins. No charge for Easy Payments. Carr. Paid. £5:10:0

Exchange price offered for Sweepers & out-of-date Vacuum Cleaners.

6/6 Monthly

Catalogue Post Free

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.



DOUBLE your BUTTER RATION!

READY FOR TABLE IN 2 MINUTES

You can't buy more butter, but you *can DOUBLE YOUR RATION* with this ALL-BRITISH FULLY GUARANTEED

BUTTER MERGER

Just take ½ lb. BUTTER and HALF-PINT MILK, churn for two minutes—result 1 lb. of DELICIOUS BLENDED BUTTER. Butter made this way is tastier, spreads more easily, is more economical. Churn pays for itself over and over again, and will save you pounds. Leaves no trace of milk. Can be used for small or large quantities. Not a luxury, but a real money-saving necessity.

Present stocks available at reduced price, so send now P.O. or Cheque for 4/8 to:

WM. PENN, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 623, Holloway Road, London, N.19

Money back if not delighted.

Many Testimonials like these below.

Mrs. E.M. H., of Harrow, when ordering another Butter Merger for a friend, says:—"I bought one for myself and am perfectly satisfied with it."

Mrs. W. H., of Leek, says:—"I have made my first lot of Butter with it which is quite a success."

---

6 BLANKETS for 2/- DEPOSIT

HEAVY WOOLLY BLANKETS, DOUBLE-BED SIZE. White, Pink, Heather or Air-Force Blue, sent for 2/- deposit, balance payable 2/6 on delivery and 2/- fortnightly until 20/- only is paid. Full cash with order 17/6 only.

ART DOWN QUILT 1/-

FULL DOUBLE-BED SIZE, well filled and as warm as several blankets. Beautiful Art Silk cover in Gold, Blue, Green or Pink. Sent for 1/- deposit, balance payable 2/- on delivery and 2/-fortnightly until 20/- is paid. Full cash with order 18/6 only.

You can have 6 Blankets and Art Down Quilt for 3/- deposit, 4/6 on delivery and 4/- fortnightly.

LANCASHIRE PRODUCTS (Dept. J.B.) 19, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

PIANO ACCORDIONS

1/-

Bonelli, Steidemi, Vicenzio, Pancotti, Hohner, Crosianelli, £4.4.0 value for 42/-

Piano Finished Cabinet "Steidemi." Metal bound Bellows, triple Chord Action. Complete with shoulder-strap. 21 Piano Keys, 8 Bassos. Cash price 42/- or 3/- first instalment, balance 4/- monthly until 42/- is paid. Elaborate Tutor. Also superior De Luxe Model at £8/8, same terms. List of models with 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass, on Terms.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept J.B. 71), 94-106, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

DURING THE BLACK OUT

KEEP ALL THE FAMILY HAPPY. . Play RILEY BILLIARDS and ensure relaxation.

3/6 DOWN brings delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table. Now more than ever it is essential to provide healthy entertainment at home. There is nothing like Riley Billiards to ensure this. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Carr. paid. Pay Balance Monthly.

E. J. RILEY Ltd., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON or Dept. 12, 46/47, Newgate St., London, E.C.1.

WRITE for ART LIST

SURPLUS AIRMEN'S FLEECE-LINED LEATHER BOUND FLYING WAISTCOATS

3/11 Post 6d. These marvellous waistcoats are fleece-lined throughout. The outer material absolutely water-proof and wind-proof. Actually cost many times our price. Ideal for garden, motoring, farm, etc. (32 to 50 chest). BRAND NEW. UNUSED.

BARNES STORES (Pfh), Ltd. Dept. J.B. 48, Kingston Road, Portsmouth.

Well, I suppose I could make both ends meet if I were a conjuror
I've declared a housekeeping bonus this week. We've all got extra overtime pay.
Oh you darling, Jim! (THINKS) ... but he won't have extra every week.... and everything seems to be dearer now!
AT THE GROCERS
Butter beans 7d a lb! Has everything gone up?
No, Maam - here's one good thing that hasn't - BOURNVILLE COCOA Food value of two eggs in every cupful if you make it with milk, I'm told.

THAT NIGHT
More BOURNVILLE all round for the troops, Ma!
Lovely grub, Ma! This certainly is the real stuff.
No, Jim. You keep the extra for baccy this week. Now I've found out about BOURNVILLE I can get 3d worth of food for 1½d!

BOURNVILLE COCOA

MADE BY CADBURYS

Still at Peace-time price

6D PER QTR LB 11D PER HALF LB

Your Money buys MORE

. . . in Food-Value and Health-Value when you ask for Shredded Wheat!

● Everything to nourish and sustain the system is in Shredded Wheat. This is why millions find it a complete breakfast in itself. It is a food replete in all those precious elements essential to bodily fitness and mental alertness. These are the Five Food Values. Each plays its own indispensable part in promoting energetic health and building new reserves of stamina. And Shredded Wheat, by its light and digestible nature, enables all to get full benefit from every single one. Nothing, moreover, could make breakfast a more welcome meal than Shredded Wheat's delicious nutty flavour. Serve Shredded Wheat every day. Each helping makes for health. Each helping brings enjoyment.

SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO. LTD.
WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 3, 1940. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

**"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"**

The Next DICTATOR?

BELGIUM is in the melting-pot now.

A dictatorship there is more than a possibility. It's a strong probability.

Belgian newspapers are alarmed at the big moves going on behind the scenes.

Cross-road Argument

No question of **Fascism** is involved. **Struggle** is between those **who want to stay out of the war until** Belgium is **invaded and very powerful groups who** think it **wiser to line-up behind Britain and France** at once.

King **Leopold is being urged to appoint a** "directory of **generals**" to take over the Government. Significant is the **appointment as the Army's Inspector-General of a general who openly advocates dictatorship** and immediate **collaboration with Britain.**

Behind **him are most spokesmen of the Civil** Service and the **Army, which now controls nearly all** Belgian men of **military age.**

The next **fortnight will decide the issue.**

NOT true that Russian Poland is flooded with Nazi troops. Only transport experts have been drafted in.

Hitler is demanding sale of entire Russian fleet in exchange. Stalin is still haggling.

* * *

Deaf Ears to Finns

Think next of that other "gallant little country," Finland. Unlikely that her **SOS** will bring substantial American aid.

Roosevelt wants to help. But he has to avoid offending the huge body of "isolationists" on whose support he must depend. So his hands are tied.

Race to the Mines

British aid to the incredibly heroic Finns continues. So does the mobilisation of **1,500,000** Nazi troops along the Baltic.

There's a double purpose in that. Germany may have to help Stalin finish the war by sending troops to Leningrad as soon as the ice allows transport.

Or, if Stalin breaks through without foreign help and threatens **Scandinavia, Hitler** will try to be first in reaching the **Swedish** iron ore mines.

Heard the Latest?

Meanwhile, neutral countries are chuckling at a telegram supposed to be signed by Hitler, sent from London and dated **1944**:—

"Now that Great Britain and Finland have come under German protectorate, that Roosevelt has offered us the U.S. as a colony, that Marshal Goering has become Tsar of Russia, Dr. Goebbels consecrated as Pope, and Ribbentrop proclaimed Emperor of China, I have no further claims to make on the world.

"My Gauleiter Daladier will translate this message into French. Sieg Heil!"

He Can't Get Rubber

German rubber shortage is now so acute that it may seriously interfere with Hitler's Spring plans.

Thousands of military lorries are held up, manufacture of aeroplane landing gear has been slowed down, so has the making of a minor "secret weapon"—gun carriages designed for marshy ground and mounted on twelve-feet high tyres.

Leopold: King or Dictator?

British bombers have proved the superiority of power-operated gun turrets that can be aimed in any direction without effort and with steady aim. Fighters will soon be similarly equipped.

* * *

Inflation Fears

Fear of inflation is so great in Germany that Goering's own paper complains bitterly that people are buying up anything they can get.

Limit seems to have been reached, continues this song of woe, by private persons who are buying X-ray apparatus which they can't use but hope to sell abroad later.

The Empire Rallies

Contrast that situation with the confidence common throughout our Empire. Minor sidelight on the Dominions' war effort is reflected by the first all-Canadian air squadron now in Britain.

Not one of these young men had any promise from the R.A.F. when he left home. Each paid his own way over and took his chance. Some, short of funds, crossed by cattle boats; several have dropped medical and other studies.

Latest to join the Empire air training scheme is Southern Rhodesia.

Although critical of the Allies, Franco puts Hitler's nose out of joint by selling more than 800,000 tons of iron, lead, mercury and other war essentials to France.

* * *

Invisible Cities

Look round our own small but pivotal land. Lack of air raids prompts continued criticism of the black-out, despite Sir John Anderson's firm statement last week.

"Raiders could always locate our big towns," critics declare, "even in the black-out."

Six fliers who go up every night for tests beg to differ. They have had difficulty in navigating owing to the cities' darkness, but report that lighted windows backing on railway lines can be seen from great heights.

Don't Be Too Sure

Senior Air Ministry officers, too, fear the public is being too optimistic. They warn us not to imagine that waves of three or four hundred raiders could be repulsed as easily as the single Nazi planes which venture over our coasts.

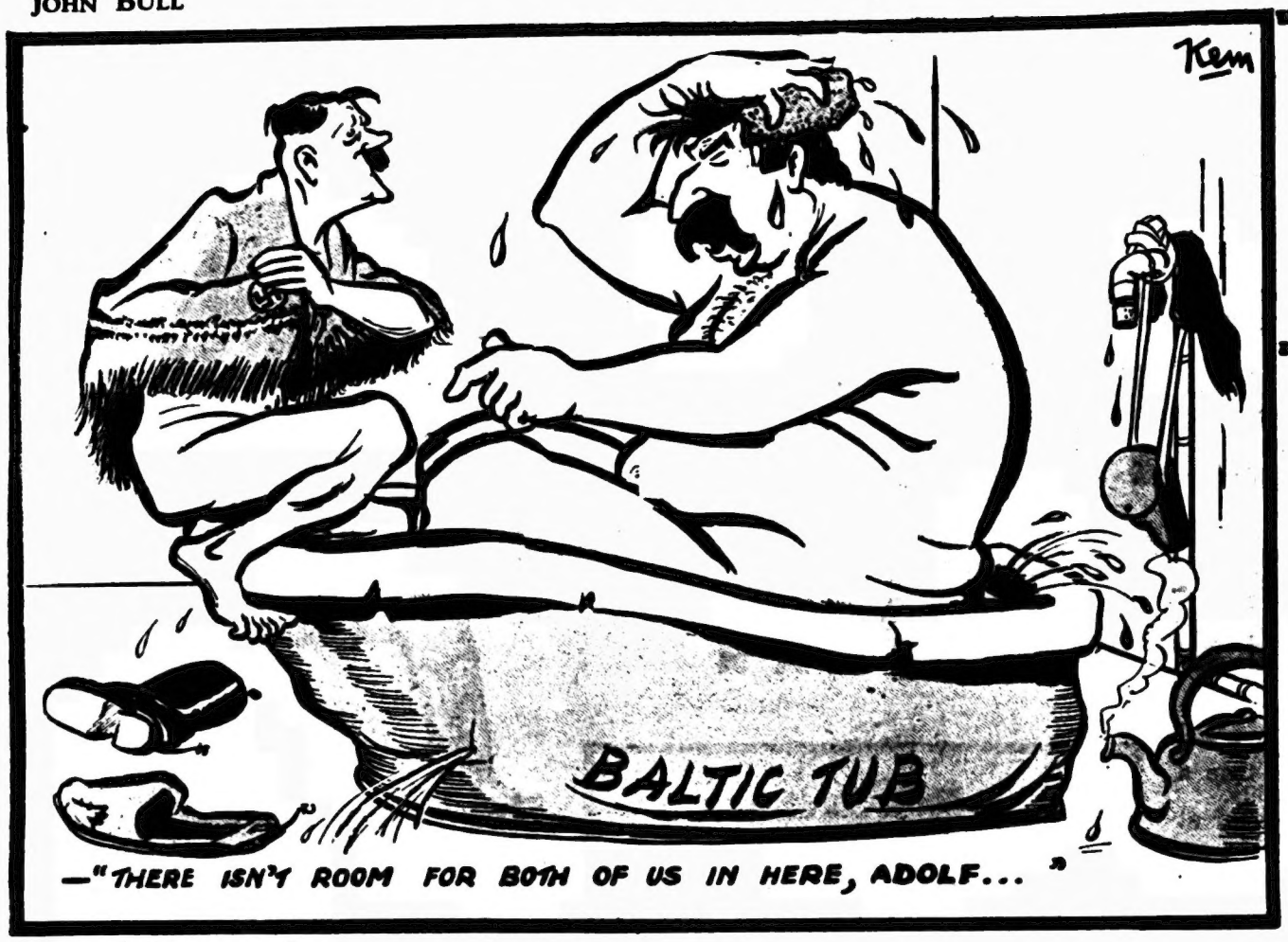
Shelters Go Begging

Incidentally, few people are willing to pay for protection. Though two million Anderson shelters have been erected free in the backyards of small wage-earners, only 722 people earning £5 or more a week have chosen to buy one!

(Continued on page 6)

"I CAN TELL YOU THE TIME FOR ACTION WILL COME"
—Admiral Sir Edward Evans, London A.R.P. Commissioner

£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE
Underwritten at LLOYD'S
FREE FOR EVERY READER
SEE PAGE 29



CANDID CARTOON by KEM

Continued from page 5

Air Raids—5,000 to 1 Chance

Mystery of Lord Chatfield's Son

Bungling the Children's Camp

We should heed the lesson of Helsinki. Not a single person who has taken refuge in the dug-outs there has been killed or injured by Soviet bombs.

Yet in the first Russian raid on the capital 80 civilians were killed and 160 injured, while 15 buildings collapsed, 11 were burned to the ground and 233 were damaged.

In every subsequent raid the story has repeated itself. Casualties were nil among the crowds who took refuge, even though 600 lb. bombs have been used.

They All Escaped

One 200-pounder fell 20 yards away from the entrance to a simple dug-out in a public square. The shelter had no concrete roof and only timber supports. But none of its occupants was hurt.

Moral: Take shelter, don't trust to luck, and remember that though the chances against being hit are 5,000 to 1 it's unwise to relax any part of the A.R.P. system.

Attempt to assassinate Goering nearly a month ago is being hushed up. Three arrests made, but Goering refuses to allow the men to be executed until he finds out who was behind the plot. He suspects Himmler.

* * *

Cakes are Cut

Mr. "Shakes" Morrison is now rationing sugar for manufacturing purposes. Makers of drugs will get normal supplies, jam firms 70 per cent.

You'll have to be content with far fewer cakes and pastries, less ginger-pop, hardly any candied peel. But you'll be able to buy more sweet fruits—figs, dates and sultanas—which are being imported in vast quantities from Turkey.

No Favourites!

What of retail rationing? New method of meat control caused butchers' shops to be closed in some towns and gave a fine opportunity for Lord Haw-Haw to exaggerate. Supplies should be evenly distributed by this week-end, we are assured.

The Ministry of Food is determined to prosecute every shopkeeper who sells extra amounts of butter, bacon and sugar to favoured customers.

Quite right. It's nice to get a little "on the side," but it means less for others.

Hitler is being pressed by Soviet and Italian ambassadors in Berlin to make a definite decision between the two. Knowing that if there's any trouble in the Balkans Italy will not remain a spectator, he's hedging.

* * *

Great Tea Mystery

The biggest mystery of war business has been solved.

Sixty million pounds of tea had to be moved from London to safety just before hostilities began. Evacuation of children hampered transport; eventually the tea had to be taken by sea.

In the hurry, 5,000,000 pounds went astray. Tea shortage followed, prices went up.

After a lot of detective work by officials the missing stocks have been found. Will prices now fall?

Indignation Justified

Other questions follow the Admiralty appointment of the Hon. Ernle Chatfield, son of the Minister for Co-ordination of Defence.

Has this young man any administrative experience?

Will he register with other "twenty-threes" for military service?

How many other sons of important office-holders have secured Whitehall jobs?

Unless frank and full answers are given, the public will be justified in feeling indignation.

No Sportin' Nonsense

JOHN BULL is already uneasy at the absence of any answer to the Commons allegation that a famous football and cricket player, now in the Army, is given regular leave to continue his practice.

There was too much of that "sportin'" nonsense about the last war.

The public's temper will not tolerate it again.

Promise Betrayed

Poles apart is the case of ex-soldiers, aged forty to fifty, told on re-enlistment that they would be kept on home service and now sent to France.

The health of some of them has suffered, and Sir Smedley Crooke, the British Legion M.P., is asking on their behalf for some recompense for this breach of contract.

Sir John Simon is putting aside a £5,000,000 a year subsidy for bringing down meat prices, has arranged with Minister of Food to see that the regulation prices are not exceeded by retailers.

* * *

Have They any Money?

Parliament should ask why some young soldiers, applying for commissions, find that the first question put to them concerns the amount of money they have?

Such a demand is hardly consistent with the "reform" of promoting men on their merits alone.

Treasury is now starting to buy foreign shares held by British companies. They'll be used to finance arms purchases from the United States, because our orders for American aircraft will be three times heavier than original figure.

* * *

This is All Wrong

Now for a friendly hint to the authorities.

They should keep an eye on people who are unexpectedly arrogating Service titles to themselves.

Advertisements for a Worthing concert announced that its conductor would be a "Flight-Lieutenant." Also to appear was a boys' choir trained by a "Flying Officer."

Later the word "Cadet" was inserted before those titles.

Apparently the musicians concerned belonged to an organisation called the Air Defence Cadet Corps Military Band, not to the R.A.F.

Showmanship mustn't be allowed to cash-in on this war.

Treatment as Usual

More hospital treatment, in future, for the sick.

At the beginning of the war 190,000 beds were reserved for air raid casualties.

Number has been reduced to 145,000, will be reduced still further during the next few weeks, making room for a further 2,000 ordinary patients.

Meanwhile, 100 hospitals are building huts for additional wards.

Many Germans are crossing into Luxembourg, ostensibly on social or business calls. Suspicion is that they are advance guard of sabotage corps.

* * *

£1,200,000 Camps

Exasperatingly stupid is the bungling over the 31 evacuation camps on which the Government is spending £1,200,000.

Twelve are fully staffed, splendidly equipped and ready for occupation. The rest will be finished shortly.

Yet only two are in use.

Whole schools should be moved from danger areas to these safe, healthy and comfortable quarters.

Enquiry Essential

The scandal of Army camps is not yet finished. Men sent by Minehead Labour Exchange to work at a West Country anti-aircraft camp found conditions so appalling that they quit the job and returned home penniless, though the police gave them generous assistance.

Huts where they were expected to live had previously been occupied by coloured workmen, were filthy, without water or sanitation. Blankets were wet and verminous.

Such allegations deserve an official enquiry.

Mussolini . . . has an account to settle with Hitler for the contemptuous way he brushed him aside in Austria

A. G. GARDINER says the key to the European situation is Italy, so—

WATCH THE DUCE!

MR. CHURCHILL'S very broad hint to the neutrals that their safety lies in putting themselves under the shelter of the British Navy has had a cold welcome.

This does not mean that there is any doubt where their sympathies lie.

They know that their fate is bound up with ours.

If the British Empire goes down—and Goebbels has told the world once again that our utter destruction is the goal in view—they go down with it.

All Europe, and after that all the world, will be parcelled out between the tyrants of Berlin and Moscow, who will then close for the final grapple for world supremacy.

This programme is as clear to the Oslo Powers, the Balkan Powers and the rest of the little peoples as it is to us, and they are praying for the victory of the Allies quite as fervently as we are.

BUT they are between the devil and the deep sea. This is especially the case of the Oslo Powers.

Their ships are being torpedoed and their sailors are being murdered day by day, not accidentally, but deliberately, by the barbarians with whom they are nominally at peace.

They are being destroyed now in order that we may be destroyed later.

But they know that if they put themselves under our protection at sea their claim to be neutrals would be gone, and the million men mobilised on their frontiers would be unleashed against them, and their peoples would share the hideous experience of the Poles.

In this desperate emergency they cling to the neutrality status in the hope that by doing so they will stave off invasion.

It is probably a vain hope, but in the circumstances we cannot wonder that it is not sacrificed for the appalling fate that would certainly fall on them.

And there is much force in the comment of that gallant paper, the *Amsterdam Telegraaf*, which says:—

"If Mr. Churchill had addressed himself in the first place to the United States, Italy and Japan, it would have been more understandable."

This goes to the root of the problem of the neutrals.

NOT UNTIL THE BIG FELLOWS AMONG THE NEUTRALS GIVE A LEAD ONE WAY OR THE OTHER CAN WE EXPECT THE SMALL NATIONS TO TAKE AVOIDABLE RISKS.

But the cunning strategy of the Germans makes such an invitation as that suggested by the *Amsterdam Telegraaf* out of the question.

They confine their crimes to the unhappy victims immediately under the terror of their power.

Their aim is to inflict such suffering on them as will compel them to become their instruments in the war against us, and at the same time to avoid giving any offence to the Big Fellows.

They break every law of God and man in their attacks on the Swedish, Norwegian, Danish and Dutch mercantile marine.

They torpedo their ships without warning, and murder their sailors without mercy.

But, except for the perils of the uncharted mines with which they have sown the seas, the ships of the great neutrals run no risks.

And so long as these Powers continue to hold that they have no responsibility for the maintenance of international law, if their own interests are unharmed, so long they will look on in benevolent indifference.

But, except in the unlikely event of an early decision being reached, this indifference cannot last.

The issues at stake are too vast to be localised permanently, and in the end the great neutral Powers will find that their own fate is involved with the rest, and will have to decide on which side their interests lie.

That decision affects mainly three nations, one in Europe, one in America, one in Asia.

THE KEY TO THE EUROPEAN POSITION IS ITALY, AND NO ONE IS MORE AWARE OF THE STRONG CARDS HE HOLDS THAN MUSSOLINI HIMSELF.

And no one, we may be sure, will play them for higher stakes.

His manipulation of his "hand" so far has been astonishingly skilful.

RIBBENTROP'S Russian *coup* and the attack on Poland made it easy for him to escape from Hitler's embrace when war came; but he still keeps a foot in the German camp, still talks the language of the anti-Comintern pact with Japan, still keeps the world guessing as to which side of the fence he will come down on, and what price he will exact for coming down.

He is, of course, a pure opportunist, and, in so far as he has a philosophy of government, hates democracy as much as Hitler and Stalin do.

But he is also a realist.

He has not dragooned his people with the iron hand of Hitler or Stalin, and has always shown himself sensitive to public opinion.

Moreover, he is under restraints which the other dictators have destroyed.

The monarchy still counts for much.

The Church counts for much.

The sentiment of the people has to be reckoned with.

All these factors lean one way.

Germany is the historic enemy of Italy, and the circumstances in which Hitler swooped on Austria and planted the swastika on the Brenner have left a deep-rooted fear in the heart of the people.

Monarchy, Church and people alike have been shocked by the levity with which Hitler has flung himself into the arms of Stalin, and the desolation of Catholic Poland has outraged what is still the most cohesive force in Italy, that of the Church.

With that force Mussolini has always made terms.

In this connection, nothing is more significant than the stern, uncompromising broadcasts which have begun to issue from the Vatican.

There are other more material considerations. Italy's sphere of influence, if anywhere, must be in the Mediterranean, and the greatest menace to that influence would be the dominion of Germany or Russia or both in the Balkans.

FINALLY, I AM MUCH MISTAKEN IN MY READING OF MUSSOLINI IF HE HAS NOT AN ACCOUNT TO SETTLE WITH HITLER FOR THE CONTEMPTUOUS WAY IN WHICH HE BRUSHED HIM ASIDE IN AUSTRIA AND FOR KEEPING HIM IN THE DARK WHEN HE RATTED TO BOLSHEVISM.

LET us turn to the great neutral across the Atlantic. Her apparent indifference to the fate of civilisation in Europe and ultimately in the world must not be misread.

A war is raging there which, until November, will transcend even the war in Europe.

It is the war which will culminate in the triumph or the overthrow of the Roosevelt administration.

Until that is decided everything that is done and said in the United States in relation to our war will be directed to influencing the issue of their war.

But one thing is certain.

It is that, if at any time, soon or late, events compel the United States to drop the rôle of neutral, it will not be on Hitler's and Stalin's side that the great democracy of the West will be found.

The sentiment of the American people is overwhelmingly with the Allies.

How could it be otherwise?

Democracy is the very breath of their life, and they know that if it perishes here it will perish there.

Let that fear once seize the nation and it will not hesitate.

Remember President Wilson was re-elected in November, 1916, because he had "kept America out of the war."

And in the following April America was in the war.

The third great neutral, Japan, is a more perplexing problem, with which I have no space to deal now, beyond saying that her hands are still pretty full in China, her antagonism to Bolshevism is fundamental, and her intervention in the war on the side of Germany would have repercussions in the United States which she is unlikely to invite.

In a word, if the war extends, as it well may, I do not think that the weight of the present neutral world will be against the democracies.

Here are the Answers

NAZIS' NEW AIR THREATS

HOW are we going to meet the challenge of the latest Nazi aircraft, described in neutral newspapers as fast fighters capable of convoying heavy bombers to this country for mass bombing raids?

BRITISH aircraft experts are not perturbed by these reports of Germany's latest fighting 'planes. British fighters, such as Hurricanes and Spitfires, now almost out of date, have a range that is sufficient to get them in and out of Germany if they were needed as escorts to our bombers.

There are thousands of them. Even greater range is possessed by some of the latest fighter aircraft now with R.A.F. squadrons.

Knowing all about the aerial shell gun long before it was tried out in the Spanish Civil War by Nazi "volunteers," our experts preferred to instal multi-machine gun equipment, which has already proved to be superior to anything possessed by the enemy.

"Blitzkrieg" incendiary bombs need cause no trouble. Germany has no monopoly of scientific knowledge and an incendiary bomb may be a two-edged weapon.

Britain not only has the preventive methods for dealing with them, but also for each bomb dropped here the R.A.F. can reply with two. Nazis know it!

?

WHAT is the extent of the collaboration of science in the conduct of this war?

ONLY forty scientists were employed by the War Department at the beginning of the last war. Yet there are now hundreds more scientists in one Department alone, the Ministry of Supply, at work on research in specially equipped laboratories.

Besides these staff workers, a chain of helpers have been recruited in the college and industrial laboratories.

There are twenty-one world-famous names on the Ministry's Research Council.

In addition to the scientists at the Ministry of Supply, there is an equal number attached to the War Office, Air Ministry and Admiralty. Seventeen of the best in Britain have relinquished their peace-time jobs and with fourteen personal assistants are working on war time problems.

?

WHEN the thaw comes to melt the ice and snow, what other natural aids can the Finns use to retard the Russian advance?

FINLAND is the most densely forested country in the world. Three-quarters of the country is wooded and vast belts stretch the entire length of the country.

As a last resort the Finns are resolved to fire these forests, turning them into a 300-mile-long wall of flame.

No troops could break through to the interior of their land with such a fire blazing, and the terrain would be impassable for months.

Finns would be burning their own main source of wealth, but it would keep out the invader.

?

WHAT are the main lessons to be learned from the recently issued pictures taken by British aircraft during reconnaissance flights over Germany?

MOST noticeable thing is that Germans have not attempted to camouflage important buildings on anything like the scale expected. Perhaps there is a shortage of paint and similar materials.

Also, we have been permitted to see for the first time something of the quality of the new super-lens fitted to our aero-cameras.

These R.A.F. photographs, taken from 10,000 ft. and upwards, are as detailed as the famed German pictures of the Thameshaven oil depots, which were fakes in the sense that they were peace time "shots" made at about 1,000 ft. by civil aviators.

?

WHAT steps have been taken to protect priceless and important State documents against air raid risks?

DOMESDAY Book in its triple-lined steel chest has left the Records Office to be locked in deep underground vaults "somewhere in England."

Great literary treasures, such as William Caxton's "Game and Play of Chess," the first book printed in English; the first copy of the Authorised Version of the Bible, presented to King James; and the famous "mint copy" of Shakespeare's First Folio, have gone to similar hiding places.

Magna Carta has gone to the United States for the "duration of the war."

Tens of thousands of Americans have already visited the Library of Congress in Washington to stand in bare-headed reverence before this first great charter of human freedom.

Pallas comments on this clever piece of propaganda on page 14.

These heroes of the air battle over Heligoland can't complain of boredom

Don't Let Boredom Win!

By the Rev. Pat McCORMICK,
Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields

A FRIEND of mine, on leave from France, makes the same complaint that we heard so often in the last war. You remember how those in the trenches would protest because a few minutes of furious activity would be followed by months of boredom?

I can quite understand it, too.

So far in the war the Army hasn't had any excitement.

Men of the Navy, Air Force and Mercantile Marine have had all the work to do, and it must have been terribly trying in the Arctic weather of the last few weeks.

I hope we don't forget them.

They're wonderful, and from the selfish point of view only we realise that we're getting our food through their bravery and devotion.

It must be pretty exciting work at times. I guess it would give most of us palpitations.

But my friend has had nothing of this.

He sits with his unit (he is not in a Line regiment) and does his ordinary job day after day, adhering strictly to what you might call "spit and polish" routine.

It must be difficult, especially in a small unit that is isolated from a camp where entertainments are provided.

After the day's work there is only the village estaminet. The thing to do is to fight boredom.

I remember that really cold winter of 1916-1917, when we were on the Somme. It was ghastly, but we wouldn't let ourselves become bored.

We invented things to do in the evenings.

One of my padres was splendid with the men in billets. He got them really interested.

A padre can be most useful if he has gumption and imagination. He will make many friends in all ranks.

Although they may not realise it, this is a real part of religion. He's giving himself for others to save them from boredom and worse.

A lot of people have to fight boredom at home now a reaction has set in, because we all expected frightful excitements when the war started.

We ought to thank God they haven't come, and the last way to show our thankfulness is by becoming bored.

If you begin to feel "fed up," look your boredom squarely in the face. Fight it like a man.

Don't imagine that life is likely to be beer and skittles in war time. It's going to get harder for everyone the longer it lasts. We must prepare for that.

Think of others and help. That's the antidote; because boredom is selfishness.

Have you been to see that friend, the woman who lately lost her husband or her son?

Have you written any letters to friends who've gone into training camps overseas, to try to cheer them up?

Are you making anything, or getting things together for men in mine-sweepers and trawlers, the Navy or the Mercantile Marine?

There are plenty of things to do to keep us from being bored if we will only use our imagination.

Put yourself in the other man's place, in a mine-sweeper, or a frozen trench; in a small unit watching and waiting by night; in the Dover Patrol or a Coastal Command patrol aircraft.

What does he want? What can you do for him?

The more we think like that, the more we're learning that life isn't made up of trying to get things out of it, but putting things into it. We are learning that we're members one of another, and if we're really helping others we're helping the whole.

We are learning the truth that Jesus lived and taught: *"He that findeth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life shall find it."*

Lose yourself in helping others, and you forget yourself and find the joy of life.

In the last war scientists were almost the last to be called on. In this they were enlisted at the outbreak of hostilities

Open Letters

● Royal Oak Hero Forgotten
● A New Idea for Haw-Haw
● Please Notice, Mr. Brown

Sir Walter Womersley, M.P., *Minister of Pensions*

DEAR SIR,—Again I warn you. Shabby treatment of war-bereaved will have a serious effect on the nation's morale.

Pride in Britain's riches wears thin when pension is denied to relatives of U-boat victims.

This has happened to the relatives of yet another *Royal Oak* casualty, Marine Walter Whittaker, of Chippenham, who served the country for thirteen years before being drowned in the icy waters of Scapa Flow.

His father, an invalid, in an institution, has been maintained for ten years by his wife. Now aged sixty-four, she still toils at disagreeable tasks in that institution to avoid seeking public assistance.

From 7.30 a.m. till four in the afternoon she works to earn £1 1s. 8d. a week, from which she pays 12s. rent.

Yet, because of this meagre income, her claim for pension has been rejected.

This injustice alone should persuade you to revise the regulations. Parliament would give you permission without a dissentient voice. The whole country is anxious to remove a callous stain on our war records.—JOHN BULL.

Sir Walter Womersley should not smile

Lord HAW-HAW, of Zeesen

SIR,—I fear you are not well.

Your claim that Britain has lost eight destroyers since war began is strangely modest for a man of bubbling imagination, even though the actual figure is five.

Indeed, your efforts have been feeble ever since you "sank" *Kestrel*, a training school on land, and the *Ark Royal* and *Repulse* refused to disappear at your behest.

To give you a tonic, perhaps your miraculous U-boats could torpedo the Admiralty?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—"Please rap Mr. Ernest Brown over the knuckles," asks a reader. I will—and with gusto.

He complains that a single room is the employment exchange for Horsham and near-by villages. The unemployed have to wait outside, in bitter weather, for an hour or two twice a week.

These conditions can be matched in scores of districts. I am tired of bringing them to your bored notice.

I don't expect you to spend fortunes in rebuilding exchanges. I demand only a common-sense, no-waiting arrangement that has worked well in a few places.

You have not even the flimsiest excuse for not making it a general rule.—JOHN BULL.

Lady ASTOR, M.P., St. James' Square, London

DEAR LADY ASTOR,—You are one of those moralists who, with the best possible intentions, would cause misery and bitterness.

Lady Astor

I predicted that as soon as Mr. Hore-Belisha went you would try to stop Army allowances for "unmarried wives." You're certainly trying.

It would be monstrous if a woman for whom a man had assumed responsibility were left to starve while he was fighting.

Such a situation might cause grave discontent.

We must also take care that no legal wife is receiving less than the "other woman," and it is in this direction that your campaign should be aimed.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman S. BERRY, Bridgwater Education Committee

DEAR ALDERMAN,—The Government's circular on nursery schools for children in reception areas, which you think absolutely absurd, appears one of the most sensible things produced by hostilities.

All social reforms are costly. That's no reason for talking about "gross extravagance" and "prodigal waste."

Money spent on giving youngsters health and happiness is a national investment.—JOHN BULL.

Lord WILLINGDON, Ex-Viceroy of India

MY LORD,—People would be shocked to see lepers or black plague sufferers walking our streets. Yet they are indifferent to the white plague victims in our midst.

Perhaps that accounts for the poor response to your proposal for a national board, on the lines of the Electricity Board, that would find jobs for tuberculosis victims with the money now wasted on their "dole" and health benefits.

We know it can be done.

Why wait till after the war before making a small start in the national replanning that will eventually have to be accomplished?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. W. CHURCHILL, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR SIR,—Because of your sense of fair play, you will surely spare a few minutes of your fourteen-hour day to investigate this allegation of a Falmouth reader:—

Her husband, an R.N.R. man, fell ill while home on leave. Medical certificates were sent to his commanding officer. The day after he was allowed up, police arrested him and kept him at the station for five hours.

That was not all!

The Admiralty allowance to his wife and his own allotment to her have been stopped.

Can it be justified?—JOHN BULL.

Baron Von NEURATH, "Protector" of Bohemia

SIR,—There is no reason to doubt the claim of the American citizen, whose Czech brother was tortured into insanity, that Nazis now put rubber pads on the chest and back of a victim and then beat him to death with clubs.

That technique leaves no marks.

Men were tortured to death in the past, but torturers were not so cowardly as to hide their infamous work.—JOHN BULL.

The TOWN HALL, Warwick

GENTLEMEN,—In view of the political truce agreed on by all the big Parties, I am astonished at your intention of appointing a Conservative to succeed an Independent of strong Labour sympathies who recently died.

The decision is the more regrettable because a popular local man of similar views to the former Member was available.

You should be made to realise that it doesn't pay to break faith with the public.—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-General G. J. GIFFARD, Military Secretary, War Office

DEAR GENERAL,—Many people would like to extend hospitality to men on leave from France.

But they cannot tell the difference between soldiers on leave from the B.E.F. and those on home service (as a reader complains on page 13)

Why not allow men on active service to wear chevrons on their sleeves?

It might be of gold. Last war chevrons of silver.—JOHN BULL.

The Director, Army Comforts Fund, Reading

DEAR SIR,—Imagine the indignation of women knitting socks for troops when they are told by men on leave that such "gifts" have to be paid for and the money devoted to the mess.

Thereby, the whole unit benefits, but the women at home find it hard to understand, just as so many soldiers couldn't grasp, why they had to pay for extra food at Christmas.

Better, surely, that gifts sent to the lads in France should remain gifts.—JOHN BULL.

Major LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., Board of Trade

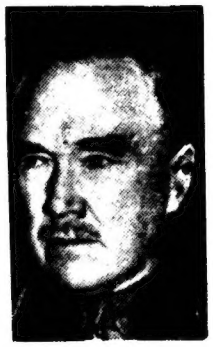
DEAR SIR,—If you pull our leg too hard, we'll yelp.

All very well to explain the shortage of torch batteries by saying that more were bought in the first six weeks of this war than during the whole of the last. But most of us remember that there was little "black-out" last time.

Modern needs call for modern supplies.—JOHN BULL.

Sir R. GORDON-FINLAYSON, Adjutant-General

DEAR GENERAL,—Here's one of the minor incidents of Army life that perplexes me.



General Sir R. Gordon-Finlayson

Responding to the Royal Engineers' appeal for builders, an Essex man enlisted. Aged twenty-six, he has references describing him as "skilled above the average."

After being passed as fit, he was told that no more tradesmen were wanted. So now he's trying to keep wife and two children on the "dole."

He asks me whether any other corps wants skilled men.

If your department doesn't know its own mind, what the deuce can I tell him?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. FRANK RUSSELL, Willesden

DEAR RUSSELL,—No one should quarrel with Judge Drucquer's description of you as "a man of great courage," after reading how you lost a leg fifteen years ago, but taught yourself to climb ladders to continue your job.

Bad luck that, taking your crutches with you on a roof one day, you slipped and fell.

I hope the £400 compensation awarded you will enable you to make yet another start in a life that hitherto has triumphed over all adversity.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, South Hackney

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—I'm glad you've raised the question of increased electricity costs so successfully that the Government may intervene.

It should have intervened before now, because some companies have pushed up their rates by 50 or 100 per cent.

This war is not being waged to safeguard vested interests.—JOHN BULL.

Imaginary Interview on the Black-Out Bus

Sense and Censorship

'ARF a crahn, you gave me, guvnor? . . . 'Ere you are then; four and two's six and a couple of bob puts us right. . . . Still perishing cold, ain't it? . . . Wish I was wiv my old trouble-and-strife 'aving six pennorf of news reel; she's a proper film fan, she is. . . .

Wot's that you say—if you 'ad your way you'd shut dahn pretty tight on some of them news reels? . . . You'd censor 'em, would you? . . . Cor strike a light! If you 'ad your way I suppose we'd get nuffing but pictures of blinking politicians and Californian peaches in bathing costume!

There was a bloke 'oo took your line in the 'Ouse of Lords the other day. . . . . Yus, I find it *was* Lord Denman. . . . Any'ow, 'e seemed to be all 'ot and bothered cos the camera men 'ad got all the close-ups they could of Unity Mitford and 'Ore-Belisha and 'e thought the comments wos low and vulgar.

☆

Personally, mind you, I wouldn't say 'is Nibs was a 'undred per cent. wrong abaht that. Jus' the same, both of 'em wos in the news at the time and, seeing there wasn't any uvver news worf mentioning, I s'pose Unity came in 'andy for once in 'er life.

But that's not the real point, guv'nor. Anuvver noble Lord wiv a double-barrelled monicker—yus, Dufferin and Ava, that's right!—'it the nail bang on the 'ead when 'e said that if we wos once to start interfering with the films and the noospapers over trifles of bad taste we should precious soon find ourselves on the slippery slope of 'Itlerism.

All right, all right. . . . P'raps 'e didn't actcherly say "'Itlerism," but that's wot 'e meant, wasn't it? *'E did say there's nothing worth fighting for more than personal liberty and that the 'ole rock of liberty can easily be worn away by 'eavy-'anded censorship and Government control.*

You wos present at that debate yourself, wos you, Sir; or I should say me Lord? . . . Well, jus' fancy that! If I'd bin in yore place, I would 'ave chipped in wiv an appeal for a bit more news and less censorship 'stead of the uvver way rahnd.

The way I look at it is that ordinary men and women in this country can stand any amount of real news, good *or* bad. Course I know there's got to *be* a censorship; I know it wouldn't do to let little old 'Itler get 'old of any stable secrets.

☆

But, jus' the same for that, we aren't a lot of school kids are we? We don't get the breeze up very easily and we don't swallow everyfing we read and 'ear.

In fact, we 'ave a bit of common-sense, guv'nor, and that's wot's wanted in the censorship.

A good censor doesn't try to stop everyfing 'e possibly can, not 'im! Wot 'e tries to do is to let froo everyfing 'e can safely pass.

An' if the noospapers and the noos-reels only 'ad a bit more real news to give us, why then, in my opinion, you'd 'ear a lot less about losing interest in this blinking war! See wot I mean?

Write to "John Bull" About It!

German prisoners in a British camp. The organisation described on this page will keep them in touch with the relatives—and do the same work of mercy for British captives in Germany.

PRISON CAMP SAMARITANS

"News has been received from Germany that the following men are prisoners of war and in good health."

NO doubt you have read that paragraph time and time again in your newspaper. You may have run your eye down the list of names that followed—strange names to you.

If you have ceased to think about it within a minute, you are not to be blamed.

Not unless you have a husband, son, father or brother "missing" can you be expected to realise that that news for all the families concerned is the greatest that has ever happened.

Nor unless you work for that wonderful department which has the cumbersome title of "Prisoners of War Wounded and Missing Department of the Red Cross."

Sit in its offices for an hour. They are housed in the room of the Lord Chamberlain, where the Royal Regalia is still kept.

In peace time, problems of precedence are fought out there. A lot of midnight oil is burnt over such questions as who shall go to the Royal Garden Party.

To-day, there are more important matters. . . .

A small schoolboy went in the other day. He screwed his school-cap in his hands, gazed round wonderingly.

"I want you to find out about my daddy," he said.

They asked him for details. They searched their records. No, there was no news.

They told him they would put through enquiries, and his mother would be told. He whispered: "Mummie's an invalid."

Although they promised to send news as soon as it was received, he was back again the next morning. And the next. And the morning after.

. . .

AND although they told him how desperately they were trying, and how impossible it was for them to do any more, their request that he should wait at home for news was ignored.

Then, one day, he was walking down the steps as a telegraph boy walked up them. He paused, as if wondering whether it meant news for him. But he was walking away when they raced after him.

"He's safe," they told him.

They would have given him further particulars, but he was running home to Mummie. . . .

This department hides a wealth of heartache, drama and romance.

They have had distracted wives there who have refused to leave in the late hours of evening. They want to stay on, and on, until they get some assurance of the safety of their men.

They have heard a crippled father say:—

"The Red Cross found me in a German prison camp in 1916. Because nobody thought I would live, they were able to get me exchanged for a badly wounded German prisoner. Now I am praying to God that you have news of my son."

No exchange of prisoners has taken place in this war, as yet.

But the wooden bridge over the Rhine across which the exchanges took place in the last war still connects Germany and Switzerland.

It is a narrow, roofed-in footbridge. Half-way across, at the exact point where German wounded were exchanged for French or British and checked off on a list, the people of neighbouring St. Blasien have maintained a tiny altar ever since.

When the need arises once more for this tragic bartering in maimed humanity, the Prisoners of War Department of the Red Cross will be ready.

Meanwhile, there is much else to be done.

Through the International Red Cross Committee it offers the only possible means of communication between prisoners of war and their relatives.

By international agreement, it can receive from prisoners urgent and non-urgent messages alike. It can exchange parcels, post cards, even money orders.

There is no postage, no charge of any kind, and all duties are waived.

The international hub is at the Villa Moynier, 122, Rue de Lausanne, Geneva, where representatives of every country fighting in the war are posted.

A Swiss representative works among the red morocco chairs and royal ciphers of St. James's Palace, London, to guarantee that Britain is on the side of humanity. He has no difficulty on that score.

M. R. A. HACCUIUS, this Geneva representative here, is an engineer who has thrown up his ordinary duties to do this work of mercy while the war lasts.

He has diplomatic privileges in this country. He can surprise prisoners' camps, talk with the occupants.

He can pry into their kitchens and other accommodation and all the arrangements made for the men.

From the moment a German prisoner fills up the form calling for details of his name, rank and state of health, M. Haccuius is his watchdog.

The British authorities are loud in his praise.

Another Swiss, Dr. Marcel Junod, watches the interests of our boys in Germany. It is from him that that greatest news in all the world—"Your husband is a prisoner of war in Germany and in good health"—emanates.

Every parcel for a prisoner of war has to go through the office in the Lord Chamberlain's department.

THERE is a set standard of packing. Every package must carry the Red Cross seal, guarantee that no "spy" material, propaganda or anything of the kind is contained.

That seal takes it through the Customs of neutral or belligerent countries unopened, untouched.

Every day a message from Germany reaches this department with the ponderous name. There will be one on the day you read this. Try to think what it will mean to those who have been waiting . . . scarcely daring to hope.

Then, thank God, that amidst the ruin of wrecked treaties and torn-up obligations there is still something decent being done on an international scale.

"Greatest of These"

SERVICE in the last war caused Mr. Thomas Walton, of Manchester, to be paralysed down the left side, and he now exists humbly on a small pension out of which he has to support a widowed mother of seventy.

Added to the misfortunes with which the helpless man must battle in these days of rising cost of living is a debt incurred for hospital treatment.

Mr. Walton is always fighting the terrifying shadow cast on his life by the last war, and in paying homage to the heroes of to-day we must also think of the other man, a hero of all our yesterdays.

Practical sympathy from readers will be gratefully appreciated, and should be earmarked "Abstainer" or for our General Fund and posted to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office.

A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We gratefully acknowledge £1 from H. C. B.; 5s. from J. Williams (Cardiff); "Stoto" (W. Hartlepool), 2s.

War must not be allowed to endanger the organisations that have given Britain's youth new hope for the future.

The Forgotten Legion

In the midst of a national emergency Britain must still realise that this youngster's generation can't be betrayed

THERE are five and a half million boys and girls in Britain between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. It took a war to make us realise that.

Now this war looks like making us forget it.

Thirty years ago little was ever done about them. At the most vital age, they were pitched out of school and left to fit in where they could.

Families often found them a nuisance. The country could not be bothered with them.

Then came war. The country suddenly found it needed its youth. But it was too late. Fathers and teachers were in the Army. Youth had been left to shift for itself.

All Britain was shocked at the increase of crime among young people.

That was 1917. Something had to be done. Gradually a framework was pieced together, the framework of an instrument to give direction and purpose to the future of youth.

To-day that framework is in danger of breaking down. If it does break down, the worst consequence will not be merely another juvenile crime wave.

A whole generation, the generation for whose future we are fighting, may relapse into the old listless hopelessness, born of the grim sense that their country cares nothing about them until it calls on them to die.

Nazi-ism caught many youngsters in Germany because the Hitler movement made the German child feel that his country had a purpose for him—a slave's place, perhaps, and a devilish purpose, but better than nothing.

Britain progressed more slowly.

When the organisations of young people were properly co-ordinated, and they were encouraged by everybody from the Government downwards, we really began making headway.

Before the last war three boys and girls in a hundred had some place to go to in their spare time. Twenty per cent. of boys and 10 per cent. of girls belonged to a club, or a troop, or society of some kind by 1939.

The three hundred-odd boys' clubs, with 30,000 members, that had existed in 1925 increased to 1,670 clubs, with more than 160,000 members, by 1939.

Nearly a quarter of a million boys and 121,000 girls belonged to one of the national movements for youth.

It went ahead gradually, but the effect on British youth, on the generation of to-morrow, was amazing. We gave our young people somewhere to go.

We put clubs, gymnasiums, playgrounds, libraries, debating societies and summer camps into their lives.

They boxed, played football, swam and discussed the problems of politics, art and philosophy.

They became interested in their future, set about looking for careers for which they were fitted, instead of just taking the first blind-alley job that came along.

WITHOUT coloured shirts or bands or flags or speeches they began to work their national regeneration.

The health of youth improved; the death rate dropped by a third. Crime decreased year by year to one-third of its former dimensions.

Now this war threatens to close down on all that carefully constructed mechanism.

People organising troops and clubs and brigades are swept away into the Services or civil defence emergency jobs

Yet these organisations were never more desperately needed. Black-outs and empty homes, with fathers and brothers away in the Army.

The uncertainty about to-morrow, the emptiness of to-day, when employers are hesitating to take on young people likely to be enlisted in a few months, seem to be leaving great blanks in the lives of a whole generation.

We think we are fighting for *their* to-morrow. Yet hundreds of thousands of them believe there is no to-morrow.

If we really are going to create a world beyond the war, if we are even going to keep the standards of to-day, we must begin now to save what can be saved.

It is not inevitable that this war should destroy the youth movement that was one of the few good things the last war created.

The Government realise that the thing is important. By exempting full-time workers in youth organisations from military service over thirty-five, by appointing liaison officers from the youth movement to the various regional Commissioners, they have made a gesture towards maintaining vitally important work.

BUT the position of the menaced youth movement would be transformed, its life quickened and its decay changed to a rebirth, if authority would take them into the scheme of National Defence.

There are many vital things that they could do. Troops, brigades and clubs could be turned temporarily into Corps of A.R.P. Wardens, or trained as volunteer fire brigades and Red Cross workers.

They could supply volunteers to work on the land.

They might easily furnish volunteer guards at vital points at factories, workshops and railways.

It would also put greater zest into hundreds of thousands of young lives.

The care of youth is now a vital national service. It is a duty that almost everyone can fulfil in his home town or village, or parish. In nearly every community there is a boys' or a girls' club, and where there is not, there ought to be.

Everybody can do something to help the youth of his own district towards to-morrow.

Casualties by sea and land and air, casualties even of the grim black-out, might be considered small when compared with the casualty of the generation that we are in danger of betraying.

B.E.F. Show Chaos

ACCUSATIONS about muddle and unsuitable shows are causing many people to wonder whether the troops, particularly those in France, want the kind of entertainment provided by the Entertainment National Service Association.

It seems obvious to JOHN BULL that they would prefer to organise their own concert parties as in the last war.

There is plenty of talent, and a fraction of the money now being spent would suffice to supply theatrical equipment. Professional producers would be ready to help with organisation.

No explanations by controllers of E.N.S.A. can hide the fact that existing arrangements are full of flaws.

In some instances transport has been chaotic. Artists have arrived at places without anyone expecting them, and audiences have had to be assembled at short notice.

Fewer than a hundred men were all that could be mustered to see one party of performers in a theatre that would hold 1,400. A second show was cancelled because only twenty-five soldiers appeared.

When Jack Payne came home with his band after being in France for three weeks he declared that he had never known such chaos. They were delayed for six hours at the port where they landed simply because no one there knew anything about them.

"My company had to travel a day's car journey for one concert, come back to the base, and the next day go out to a spot thirty miles away from the first place," said the famous band leader.

THERE seemed to be no one over there, he added, with the slightest idea of entertainment organisation.

Mr. Frank Woolfe, who took a pantomime company over there, says the same thing.

"One night," he explained, "we were sent to give a show in a school for hospital patients. Nobody knew about us coming.

Does E.N.S.A. Really Know the Stuff to Give the Troops?

"I found the schoolroom empty, unheated, with a stage made of trestles, but no seats. We lit the fires ourselves, and the injured soldiers carried in some benches. We had to give our show in ordinary dress because there was nowhere for us to change."

Even worse is the accusation that the type of show frequently arranged is not what the men want.

Sir Seymour Hicks has pointed out that transport in France is the responsibility of the Navy, Army and Air Force Institute, but he will not deny that the entertainment is chosen by E.N.S.A.

MUCH of it has disappointed those men who have been able to attend performances.

Yet E.N.S.A. has established an elaborate organisation in London, and it must be costly, even though artists are giving their services at moderate salaries.

It would be interesting to know what rent is being paid for the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, headquarters of the organisation, while it is closed to the public, and the weekly cost of E.N.S.A. staff.

An official told JOHN BULL that no public money is involved. "E.N.S.A.," he said, "is financed by the Navy, Army and Air Force Institute."

N.A.A.F.I. draws its revenue from canteens used by members of the Forces, so that E.N.S.A. is actually financed by sailors, soldiers and airmen as well as women in uniform.

No one wants to underestimate the whole-hearted and spontaneous desire of the entertainment world to cater for the troops at home and abroad.

But there is no reason why the entire scheme should not be examined with the utmost frankness when it is obviously causing dissatisfaction.

"People must remember that our work is being carried on during a war," Mr. Basil Dean, the Director, has stated.

All the more reason why there should be no attempt to shirk overhaul of the whole business.

Provision of shows, including many more films, should present no difficulties at camps and ports in this country, except that the charging of even 3d. for admission should be abolished if possible.

OVERSEAS the problem is different, and that is where action is most urgently needed.

JOHN BULL urges that plans for assisting the troops to form their own concert parties should be started at once.

That should be the basis of the B.E.F.'s amusement, and is likely to keep them in much better spirits than the more ambitious professional shows that have so far so often gone wrong.

A number of high-light shows could still be given at the main base as they were in the last war.

GRIN and BEAR IT! ----- By Oliver PLUSH

NEWS FROM HITLAND

JUST got this hot from a neutral next door.

Says that Herr Percy Sweinundblitzen, of Cologne, was arrested last night on a charge of never having been arrested before, and him forty-six and never out of Cologne.

Gestapo bloke said that wasn't possible. Not in Germany, it wasn't. No, Herr-ee.

He wasn't standing for lies like that. Come along, you.

OLD BILL

by

Bruce Bairnsfather

"Now say 'Blitzkreig'"

Want a Nightmare?

Thought for the middle of the night: Think of what Brother Himmler uses in the place where you keep your face.

Then you'd better get up and make yourself a cup of tea. You won't sleep any more to-night, little one.

My Encyclopædia—2

NEUTRALS.—Neutrals grow best in war time, planted about two inches apart in the middle of the garden path.

They also grow not so bad either over in that corner where nobody ever looks, but they hardly ever get themselves trodden on over there, which isn't being a neutral at all, according to the pamphlet.

The best thing about being a neutral in this weather is that you do keep warm. You no sooner sit down than you're up again. Exercise, my boy.

When you're a neutral you mustn't do anything. If you do, it's called violating territory. If you don't, it's called expressing open sympathy with the other side.

Either way you're wrong.

So that even neutrals who aren't married can't really appreciate it. . . .

The principal part of a neutral is the neck, and the object of a neutral is to Get It In It.

About all a neutral can do in these difficult times is to toss for it and come down on one side or the other.

When his neck will promptly Get It In It.

So that being a neutral is about the daftest thing in the wide world to-day after the B.B.C. programmes.

Famous Last Lines

Limerick (not stopping at Cork):—

A fellow named Herr Schicklegruber
Once fell off a ladder and died.
A nice little ditty—
It seems such a pity
(Don't it?) that the thing don't rhyme, and isn't true.

She Heard!

STARTLING NEW SERIAL. COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.

McJones never made a sound.

He opened the door, went inside, closed the door. Removing his shoes, he tip-toed carefully upstairs, never making a sound. (Remember that bit, otherwise you'll miss the point, which will be money wasted.)

McJones was as silent as the brains of a man from Munich.

He never made a sound, in other words.

He crept into the bedroom, never making a sound. He gave one glance at Mrs. McJones asleep in the bed, and carefully closed the door, without making a sound.

He crossed the floor.

There was a mouse in the middle of the carpet. It didn't even look up. It didn't know he was there. He hadn't made a sound.

McJones was pretty pleased with himself.

"I haven't made a sound!" he thought.

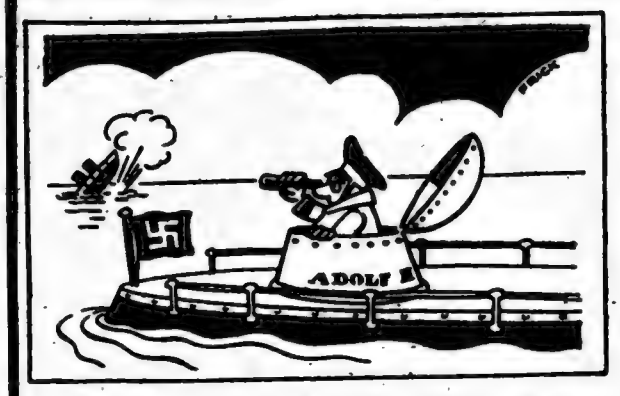
Suddenly Mrs. McJones sat up in bed.

"A nice time to come home!" she exclaimed. "And where have you been?"

"Och, blimey, whatefer!" groaned McJones. "Call yourself a woman. You're just a magnetic mine!"

(To be discontinued.)

As Others See It!



"The provocation of these neutral ships becomes intolerable! Each time we launch a torpedo they sail right into its path!" —*Marianne, Paris*

Soldiers in the quiet of the Maginot Line knit comforts for their wives in the hurly-burly of war-work on the Home Front.
—*Nebelspalter, Zurich*

Just a Reminder

Now the January sales are over and you've got your hat, Gladys, wasn't there a war on?

I'm only asking.

Tut-Tut!

War's just a blinking how-d'you-do.
I don't think it did ought
To be, and that's a blinking fact.
We haven't half been caught.
But when I hear you grousing, just
Because you went and bought
A new Rolls in September and—
Your petrol's running short,
And you have to go and 'bus it—
Honest, pal, you're just a wart!
You ought to be in Hitland, where
It's one pint to the quart.

Plane Talk

Don't know what the Germans call these Weinkels and Mistersmiths of theirs when they're gathered in the local at nights giving pet names to things.

But after the merry tricks they've been up to of late I've only got one name for 'em myself, speaking personal, like.

Sky lice.

Answers to Correspondents

I've sat down nice and soft at A.R.P. Wife on war work. Three daughters driving fire chiefs to no fires. Oh, boy! is it good? Tell me—can we afford a piano?—XXX, Brentford.

You don't enclose your address, XXX. If you live next door to me, you can't. On the other hand, if you live in Huddersfield, I should get one right away. I never had any time for Huddersfield.

RICHARD MORTON, continuing his tour of the "West End in the Black-out," meets the 18-carat glamour girl —and a bottle-party "harpy"

She is a charming contradiction to all the stories you hear of the gold-digging harpies and unscrupulous night club queens . . . but there are others . . .

Secrets of the GLAMOUR GIRLS

LOUISE is as slender as a willow. She has red hair and grey eyes—a combination as devastating as dynamite when viewed over glasses of sparkling champagne at three o'clock in the morning.

Her lips and painted nails are a crimson match, and she moves with the grace of a swan on a lake.

Dance with her and you feel like a feather in the breeze, talk on any subject from your wife's relations to pig-breeding or swing—and she'll listen with a wide-eyed attention that will have you flattered from the start.

Louise is a hostess at one of the smarter West End bottle-parties just off Regent Street, a £10-a-week glamour girl who takes her job with genuine seriousness.

She is a charming contradiction to all the stories you hear of the gold-digging harpies and unscrupulous night club queens who use her profession as a blind for their unsavoury activities.

Four years of night life, a queer, topsy-turvy kind of existence, going to work as other people are going to bed and arriving home with the milk every morning, have left Louise fresh and unspoiled.

I got a close-up of her and her job during an hour's chat over sandwiches and coffee—Louise won't drink with you until she knows you well—at the club where she works from about 11 until 5 six nights a week.

I liked her. She has danced with peers and millionaires, but she was perfectly willing to sit and talk to me, even though the place was packed and the other girls were all dancing.

And she did not want to take the pound note I offered her afterwards. . . .

"You're working," she smiled. "It would be different if you were here for pleasure."

Most men—"my clients" Louise calls them, give her £1 or £2 for keeping them company. On red-letter occasions she has had a crisp fiver pressed into her hand at the end of the evening.

All she makes she keeps—but then the management pay no wages. Taking the good with the bad, she earns an average of £10 a week.

HAIRDRESSING, manicure and dress bills make a big hole in this, for Louise must always look perfectly groomed. She pays five guineas for her evening gowns and she must have six at a time to ring the changes throughout the week.

Mayfair society, stars of screen and stage, the very rich and the very famous frequent the particular bottle party at which Louise is employed. She works in an atmosphere of mink and ermine and glittering jewels.

That's one picture of a dance hostess's life. Not a hundred yards away in a Soho basement "dive" I found another—a seamy, sordid picture I should like to forget.

Louise is at the top of her profession, an 18-carat glamour girl, who is cashing in on her good looks and charm. There are perhaps thirty or forty others like her in the West End, attractive, talented girls earning a straight and legitimate living in various bottle parties.

But for every genuine hostess there are a score of others employed at various undesirable drinking dens.

This type of establishment, conducted in dirty cellars and back rooms, dimly lit to conceal the squalor, has multipled alarmingly in the last three months.

At some there are as many as twenty so-called "dance hostesses," although there may be only a piano and drums to provide music and the tiniest square of floor on which to dance.

Their job is to see that the customers—victims would be a better description—spend as much as possible.

Cheap chocolates done up in fancy boxes cost thirty shillings or £2 in these "clip" joints.

Sometimes the boxes are mere dummies packed with paper and tin foil. It doesn't matter! They are never opened. The "hostess" sells them back to the proprietor for five shillings at the end of the evening.

A single box may earn between £30 and £40 before it begins to look the worse for wear.

"Cutie" dolls, bought for 24s. a dozen and sold for £1 or £2 each, unknown and expensive brands of cigarettes—the "hostess" always has the oddest taste in smokes—watered liquor at fancy prices are all part of the racket.

As soon as a customer is sufficiently merry the "hostess" gives the waiter a wink, and the next bottle of "champagne," although it comes to the table in a vintage bottle, is a cheap wine costing less than two shillings.

But on the bill it figures as a thirty-five shillings item just the same!

With profits like that to be picked up, is it any wonder that some of the shadiest characters in the West End are opening "bottle parties"?

Men of colour of the worst type, and rogues with long police records, have a hand in such places.

Some of the girls are pitifully young. At one club raided a few weeks ago the police discovered a "hostess" of fifteen! Another "dive" recently closed was run by a girl of eighteen.

These are not unusual cases. There are dozens of girls under seventeen working in the disreputable night clubs that disgrace the streets of Soho.

Most of them have drifted into the life because it sounds glamorous and thrilling. They come into it fresh and unspoiled, but a few months in such dens rubs the bloom off their youth and charm.

Some proprietors expect their "hostesses" to submit to all sorts of drunken caresses in order to "gee-up" the profits, and the "fun" does not necessarily cease when the club closes. . . :

AT one haunt I visited, two or three of these "schoolgirl hostesses" were dancing with negroes. Another—a child of not much more than sixteen—came and sat at my table as soon as she saw that I was alone.

She was wearing enough lipstick, rouge and mascara for the front row of the chorus, and she had the sophisticated manner and the bright mechanical smile of a woman three times her age.

"Hallo, darling," she said. "How about buying me a drink?"

One drink leads to another until the "mug" is in the right mood to be parted from his bankroll.

We chatted for a while. She told me that she had been working in night clubs for six months.

"It's not a bad job," she said. "I've got a pal who works at another bottle party in Gerrard Street. We share a room together a few doors from here."

I asked how much she earned.

"That depends," she told me. "When I first started I didn't know the ropes. The first couple of weeks I made five shillings.

"Then one of the other girls put me wise. She gave me a few tips on how to handle men. Now I pick up £5 or £6 a week."

THAT is one of the difficulties facing the authorities who are seeking a solution to this problem of young night-club hostesses.

There are no other professions where a girl of sixteen or seventeen can earn £5 a week. The combination of night life "glamour" and easy money proves an irresistible magnet to scores of young girls.

And, so long as they keep within certain bounds, the law cannot touch them.

The only way left is to stamp out the unsavoury dens run by crooks unscrupulous enough to employ such youngsters. But for each one raided another springs up, for the bottle-party racketeers are flourishing and on war time profits they can easily afford to pay an occasional heavy fine.

NEXT WEEK: MENACE OF THE BLACK-OUT TOUTS.

The Human Machine

The Right Spirit!

SELF-SUFFICIENCY is a quality about which we are a little too apt to sneer. We consider it "conceit," and are a little contemptuous of those displaying it. Yet this is not always the right attitude.

While this display of overweening confidence can be trying to others, it nevertheless plays a big part in our make-up

You have only to look at the opposite type.

There is nothing feebler than a man who is always doubting his own ability, always convinced that whatever he tries to do is foredoomed to fail, always certain that he alone, among the millions of his fellows, is no good at anything.

It doesn't take much of that attitude to ensure failure. Such a man is beaten before he starts.

It is better to be over-confident than over-fearful. That way you can at least ally optimism to effort, and you create an ability to bear disappointment without being crushed by discouragement.

The man who thinks he is in some way better than other men, who thinks he is made of some sort of superior material, and imagines that such notions give him a right to lord it over his fellows, deserves all the scorn he receives.

The Zulus knew and despised that type. They called them "self-eaters," and that is about their worth.

The man who says he can because he really thinks he can, and is willing to back his belief with persistent effort, is in a different category. He is developing the confidence without which no one can do his work well.

To have this belief in yourself is not mere conceit.

It is as necessary to a human being as a tank full of petrol is to a motor-car.

Three Scraps of Paper

THERE is something comforting, yet ironical, in the knowledge that, guarded under one roof in Washington, are the "three scraps of paper" representing more than any other documents the forward march of democracy

Deposited in the United States Library of Congress for the duration of the war is Britain's most cherished possession—the copy of Magna Carta belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln Cathedral.

In the same gallery are two historic documents equally dear to the American—the American Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States.

It is fitting that these three Charters should lie together, cornerstones of great nations which for centuries have set themselves steadily against oppression and injustice.

It is even more fitting that Magna Carta to-day should be in the United States capital.

★

Argue it Out! by PALLAS

It may awaken in American minds the thought that just as King John was forced to concede basic rights in the name of liberty in 1215, so the Allies are fighting to-day for the full expression of those rights in the face of totalitarian aggression.

Out of Magna Carta, through generations of struggle and endeavour, was born the Britain of to-day. And out of the Declaration of Independence was evolved, from bitterness and war, the shining framework of the great democracy across the Atlantic.

It would be well for Americans at a time when the world is at the cross-roads of Destiny to study anew that Declaration, and read with understanding the inspiring words of Thomas Jefferson, who wrote it.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

And again: "Equal and exact justice to all men of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political . . . freedom of religion, freedom of the Press, freedom of person . . . these principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation."

The voice of Thomas Jefferson calls to-day as strongly as it did nearly 200 years ago.

Millions of men and women are enslaved and persecuted in Europe. They are denied the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Finland, have all felt the heel of the oppressor. The voices of the dead mock the shade of Jefferson.

That Declaration governing the actions and aims of a mighty Democracy is challenged by the lashed and downtrodden victims of the Swastika and the Hammer and Sickle.

★

That Declaration, one of the brightest gems in Democracy's crown, should be to-day the guiding light to Americans in their bewilderment and anxiety.

Its terms are unequivocal; its voice is clear.

It stands by Magna Carta as a historic and imperishable record of man's determination to live in freedom and in peace.

America, in a petty officious way, protests to Britain about examination of United States mails. America, in its blindness, seems to have forgotten the voice of Jefferson.

But before this awful struggle between right and the forces of evil is over, the spirit inspiring the Declaration may well sweep over the American Continent like a fiery torch.

The voice of Jefferson is the voice of persecuted mankind.

It cannot, must not, be stilled.

Thinking dangerously at eight miles a minute, the Hell-Dive Test Pilot must throw four tons of fighting machine about in the air, flirting with disaster, gambling with life . . .

Test Pilot Flying Officer J. K. Quill about to try out a fast British fighting aircraft at incredible speeds

They're Human Rockets!

HIS hands were long and slim, with tapering fingers, the hands of a violin virtuoso. And the rest of him was in keeping. A faint, crooked smile and quizzical glint in his dark intelligent eyes as he talked to a newspaper man about his job in an almost deprecatory fashion.

I expected to meet a roystering type, one of the "hell divers" that the films have made familiar. Instead, this quiet young man looked almost delicate.

Yet I knew that he had to be fitter than any record-breaking athlete, and that his bodily machine was more perfect than 999 out of any thousand other men.

He was not even in uniform.

He wore a lounge suit and suède shoes.

One distinctive thing about his clothes was his blue tie with its woven pattern of golden caterpillars.

It signified that he was a member of the Caterpillar Club, for which sole qualification for membership is that you must have saved your life by parachute escape from an aeroplane.

Half an hour before I had seen this young man walk across the tarmac of a "shadow factory" airfield, flying overalls and parachute pulled over his lounge suit, to a new type of warplane.

A few weeks ago this machine was so many lines on the drawing-board in the designers' offices.

Engineers and fitters had created the glistening metal shape from those lines and locked the power of more than a thousand horses into its wings.

Now the work of many hands and brains was wheeled out of the assembly shops and on to the field.

IT was still a *mystery*.

Nobody knew how it would behave in the air, what murderous tricks it might develop, what fatal weaknesses in structure might appear when it was put to ultimate stress.

While he is up there alone in this unknown machine, hurtling along at perhaps 500 m.p.h. he has to watch scores of small items that will eventually give a complete personal history of the machine.

Even if he tests to destruction and comes down as they say "with his wings tucked underneath his arms," he has somehow to bring that story down intact.

I saw my test pilot having a last minute conference with the designers and engineers clustered round the aircraft, and then he climbed in, an ungainly and fearsome looking object with his parachute harness cluttered with notebooks and recording frames and the oxygen-microphone mask strapped across his face.

In a few minutes he was off, climbing in an almost straight line until at last his aeroplane was just a screaming, roaring, twirling speck against the bright blue sky.

Suddenly, he came plummeting out of the heavens in the high spot of the test, the "T.V." or terminal velocity dive. His headlong dive became a sharp curve at about 2,000 ft. as he "pulled out" and rocketed upwards again.

Every falling body reaches a speed beyond which it will travel no faster. That is its terminal velocity, and this strain has to be applied to every new type of aeroplane.

This "T.V. try-out" has wrecked more machines, killed or crippled more pilots than anything else on a test.

Sometimes at "T.V." the aeroplane refuses to answer its controls, and then there is nothing to do except to "bail out." That is why the test pilot tries to arrange for this point to arrive at about 2,000 ft. in his dive. There is still time then for a parachute descent.

Sometimes the colossal vibration causes things to work loose and fly about the cockpit. Pilots have been stunned by a piece of instrument glass. Others perhaps have been killed. The subsequent wreckage does not always tell the whole causes of a crash.

The worst moment of all is the "pull-out" from a "T.V.," when man and machine must take appalling strains.

The sudden change in direction against the pull of gravity may tear the wings of a machine.

PILOTS call this giant force developing for a few seconds in the "pull-out," "G" (for gravity), and, according to the speed, weight and other factors in the falling machine, this force can reach 9 G, the limit the human frame can bear.

In simple terms, "9 G" means that for a few moments the pilot weighs nine times his own weight. A 10-stone man weighs more than half a ton.

Blood is drawn from his head so that he may have a temporary "black-out." If he does not recover in time, the machine crashes "into the deck."

Travelling at nearly 500 miles an hour only a second or two of unconsciousness is sufficient to bring disaster.

Test pilots use various tricks to avoid such accidents in a "T.V." "pull-out." Some hold their noses with one hand and scream or blow out their cheeks to keep air pressure behind their eardrums.

A whiff of oxygen sometimes staves off the "black-out."

Others wear a tight corset on a test or strap their tummies with adhesive tape to prevent the great centifrugal forces from damaging their internal organs.

The cockpit of a fighting machine undergoing test is fitted with many more instruments and gadgets than it will have during service.

THE pilot has to watch them all and take notes of the readings of as many as twenty of these instruments while he is flying the machine.

Test pilots, like poets, are born, not made. There are few even of our best fighting pilots who can make good test pilots. Flying skill is not enough. There must be the ability to calmly register many different facts while labouring under great physical stress.

Technical training of a high order is required. The test pilot must be an "all-rounder" as far as aeronautical knowledge is concerned. He is not just a flier who can take notes.

He must be able to interpret the data and impressions he collects while testing his machine, so that on his return to earth he can tell the designers just what is wrong, and suggest a cure.

Nearly all the best test pilots are in the private employ of aircraft firms. Few of them are likely ever to be called for fighting service. They are too valuable.

You can count the total number of them on two pairs of hands, and for their daily gambles with death they are not highly paid.

Top-ranker's rate £20 a week.

They are among the most important of all the people in this war. Through these test pilots the R.A.F. has fighting machines that are second to none.

TWO STRANGE CASES

Arrested while trying to do his bit—and he still doesn't know why

A SERGEANT in the last war and with excellent references for the last ten years, Mr. S. R. A. Styles, a storekeeper, of Highfields, Dursley, Gloucester, does not yet understand why he was arrested after offering his services to the Navy, Army and Air Force Institute.

From Croydon he was sent to Sutton for medical examination. Instead he was seen by a labour exchange official who marked his papers "Reserved Occupation" and returned him to Croydon on hearing what his job had been.

Then Styles was told by Mr. Cooper, manager of the N.A.A.F.I. depot, that he would be engaged as a motor driver.

Next day he was again sent to Sutton, and this time a Medical Board marked him Grade I.

Back at Croydon, he was given Army uniform and kit, inoculated, paid £1 12s. 1d., and given twenty-four hours' leave before going to France.

When he returned from leave, Styles lined up with about 250 other men. His name was called and he was placed under arrest!

Between two soldiers with rifles, the flabbergasted man was marched to the office of Mr. Cooper, where a Regimental Sergeant-Major of the Royal Army Service Corps was waiting.

"You filled in a form as canteen assistant, you are now down as a driver, and you were paid £1 12s. 1d. to go on leave?" asked Mr. Cooper.

Styles agreed, and was marched out.

He remained outside, still under arrest, for about an hour. The Regimental Sergeant-Major then reappeared and told the escort to fall out.

"Styles is released," he said.

The man who wanted to help his country was told to change into his civilian clothes and hand back his uniform and kit. He could go.

Styles says that he was instructed to see the Paymaster, a civilian clerk, before he left. After waiting three hours he was told that he had been overpaid 1s 3d. The Paymaster was offered this sum, but refused it.

Mr. Cooper has explained to JOHN BULL that N.A.A.F.I. employees going overseas are enlisted in the Army. Styles had not, as was thought, been attested when he went for medical examination, and the Sergeant-Major apparently considered he had obtained money as a soldier to which he was not entitled.

Whatever the confusion—at most it seems to have been a misunderstanding—was it necessary to arrest this man?

By what authority does Mr. Cooper, presumably a civilian, deal with a man ostensibly under arrest as a soldier?

Ten years an invalid, yet he's now passed as A1 for the Army!

THOUGH he has been an invalid for ten years, a St. Helens man (whose name I cannot give because he is now in uniform) was recently passed A1 for the Army!

The physical troubles, including a predisposition to tuberculosis, from which he has suffered during the last ten years, have been treated by his panel doctor.

His wife points out that all this medical history would be recorded on his card.

"I cannot understand," she says, "why the Medical Boards do not use this information to verify a man's fitness."

I do not wish to criticise unjustly.

It may be that Medical Boards do check up on previous medical history.

Yet this man was passed Grade 1.

His wife tells me that he suffers from recurring natural pneumothorax, which in certain conditions may lead to tuberculosis.

He has had rheumatism, bronchitis and other chest troubles. Less than two years ago he fractured his skull.

When he was called up, his wife wrote to his Commanding Officer, who placed the man in hospital for observation.

He developed diphtheria and he is now on sick leave.

Letters from readers indicate that there is great confusion in the minds of many persons about the method of medical examination of men called up under the National Service Act.

Complaints about "ARMY Medical Boards" show that, because a man joins the Army after a medical examination, it is assumed that he appeared before *Army* medical officers.

That is not so.

Medical Boards are constituted by the Minister of Labour, who administers the National Service Act.

When a man receives a notice requiring him to attend for medical examination, he appears before a board consisting of a panel of not less than three and not more than five civilian doctors.

The categories in which men may be placed are governed by regulations made by the Minister under the Act.

If it does not already exist, there should be a clear instruction to the boards to ascertain when a man last incurred a sickness requiring the attendance of a doctor, who should then furnish a report of previous medical history.

He Certainly Takes My Breath Away

CONJURORS will be jealous of Mr. R. R. C. Anthony Bray, principal of the Institute of Correct Breathing, of Dominion Road, Fishponds, Bristol, who not only claims to have discovered marvels of health, but also to make £1 earn 16s. every month!

The Golden shower of nearly 1,000 per cent. per annum is to be limited to 200 shares of £1, Mr. Bray explains in a typewritten brochure supplied to those answering his advertisement for investors.

Nobody may have more than ten shares, but even that small outlay would bring in £8 a month, according to his reckoning.

Yet that does not seem any great feat to a man who claims that his correct breathing course gives "pure blood, vigour and energy, a beautiful round rich voice, proper functioning of liver and stomach, a marked improvement in personal appearance, a far greater resistance to cold germs, a spot-free, healthy complexion, and a neat figure."

In trying to rope in backers, Mr. Bray enthuses in computations to show that at least 120 people would rush to take his course each week. This would produce £120 at £1 each, he says.

Expenses are estimated at 50 per cent., so that there would be a profit of £240 a month.

Out of this the money-spinner proposes to keep a modest £80 for himself "and a reserve," leaving £160 each month to share out among the lucky persons holding £1 shares.

When you read through page after page of description of Mr. Bray's fascinating vision, it seems the simplest thing imaginable.

That is why I was disappointed to see him wavering towards the end.

"If only half the amount of my estimates materialised, monthly profits will still be good," he states.

With all his talents this man who breathes money might like to have my estimate of his proposition.

It is the coolest and most impudent attempt to obtain utterly unsecured capital that I have come across for a long time.

Savings "Snowball"

"YOU can become the holder of 500 National Savings Certificates worth £375 for the outlay of £125," says the Great Victory Chain Company.

Sounds wonderful.

BUT after the £125 there is a dash. Then come the words "and a little enthusiasm among your friends."

The old-fashioned "snowball"!

A circular letter, sent out by the proprietor, D. L. H. Beadle, from Hermon Hill, London, E., explains that you have to pay 5s. for a book of four vouchers, and each time four of your friends buy four similar books of vouchers you are promised a 15s. National Savings Certificate.

It means that the promoter makes sure of receiving 25s. before he supplies something worth 15s.

So the "snowball" rolls on, and you don't need to know much about finance to ask where the money comes from to give everyone something for nothing.

Beadle declares grandly that "net profits will be sent to the Lord Mayor of London's Red Cross Fund."

Where do the profits come from if everybody who cares to persuade four friends to pay 5s. for a book of four vouchers can himself get a 15s. certificate for 5s.?

However much D. L. H. Beadle may garnish his scheme with "Victory" and "Patriotic Way to Help the Country," it is just the illusive "snowball," the open sesame to easy money for PROMOTERS, and not those who are foolish enough to be lured by it.

Public Benefactor

THIS week's public benefactor guinea goes to Mr. A. Morgan, of Boston Manor Road, Brentford, Middlesex, for supplying the clue to a ramp.

Each week this sum is paid to the reader sending me the most useful information.

Mark your envelopes: "Public Benefactor."

Just Sign!

IN these days of unemployment, persons eagerly looking for jobs should beware of such money-wasting offers as that made by Percy Coutts and Co., Ltd., of High Holborn, London.

Three guineas is asked for drawing up 100 letters of application for a job—"all ready for your signature."

For fifty copies, the price is £2 2s., and for twenty-five it is 29s. 11d.

It is an old fee-grabbing stunt, but obviously the net is now being flung out with renewed energy.

You will have as much chance of securing a job if you write your own letter.

Fly in the Ointment

WHAT prayers have to do with "Ko-Go," an ointment for colds and catarrh, seems obscure, yet Mrs. Marion Bennett, describing herself as founder of The Marion Bennett Childcare League, Goodman Street, Burton-on-Trent, seems to think the association perfectly natural.

She introduces herself to a woman reader of JOHN BULL by stating, in a stencilled letter, "Some time ago you bought copies of a prayer of mine."

That is why, Mrs. Bennett says, she is offering her two jars of "Ko-Go" at a special price. If the offer is accepted within a week this generous woman will also give, "absolutely free of cost, one fully-paid share of the Common Capital Stock of The United North America Corporation."

After such munificence, it seems like gilding the lily when she hurries on to say, "The shares have never been sold for less than £1 each, but as I cannot sell any of them until after the reorganisation of the company, and because I am urgently needing more ready cash . . ." and so on!

Try aspirin, Mrs. Bennett.

In pre-war days it was a pretty picture. Now it's an official secret

Topic No. 1 Is Taboo

"TURNED OUT NICE AGAIN?"

NO harm in saying that. It would be a different story if such information about the weather could be instantaneously communicated to Germany.

Britain's Weather Secret Service men spend a quarter of a million pounds a year in discovering the details of the weather that can be expected within twenty-four hours—strictly for our own information.

The weather must be kept a secret. The nation's No. 1 topic of conversation is now taboo. That is why there are no weather forecasts broadcast, and no mention of the weather in the newspapers. A fortnight must elapse before any comment can be made about the weather experienced on any day in particular.

The British War Office laughed at the weather sleuth during the last war. An expert, who volunteered his services, was asked whether he imagined the Army "worried about umbrellas."

Haig launched his costly Somme offensive with the rain-soaked heavens against him, was sufficiently unrepentant a year later to defy with appalling results the "mud bath" of Passchendaele.

To-day, Britain's High Command is war-weather-wiser.

That is why there was a rumpus because it was mentioned during a Christmas broadcast to the troops "Somewhere in France" that Jack Payne and his band had been delayed by *fog and ice*.

An innocent slip informed men in the Siegfried Line what the weather was like behind the Maginot Line.

If weather were not a secret, it would be sheer idiocy to spend that £250,000 a year.

★

The Weather Secret Service headquarters is the Meteorological Office in Kingsway, London, W.C.2, and its ramifications cover the world.

Experts of six Ministries, the three Fighting Services, the Ministries of Agriculture, Trade and Colonies, and scientists of the Royal Society, sit on one of its committees, and humble volunteer weather "prophets," scattered over the countryside, send in their observations.

Three hundred and sixty ships of the Regular Voluntary Observing Fleet, and 563 supplementary ships, co-operate by radio-ing weather conditions wherever they may be on the seven seas.

Hourly broadcasts were made by radio-telegraphy from 93 stations for the benefit of aviators until the war started.

Sixty-eight stations were then attached to the R.A.F., and scores of aerodromes had their own weather-observing apparatus.

Twice a day R.A.F. aircraft, specially equipped for the job, climb to 25,000 feet above Britain to investigate weather conditions above the clouds.

Defying storms, fog, rain, sleet, ice and enemy aircraft, lone pilots climb in their unarmed machines to the upper air, taking readings of the humidity, temperatures and barometric pressures.

They make copious notes on pads strapped to their legs about visibility from the air at every height, an invaluable guide to reconnaissance pilots.

They watch, too, for signs of ice forming on the wings, another important factor.

★

Weather reports brought back by these pilots, flying with oxygen equipment and specially heated cockpits, may curtail land, sea or air operations for an indefinite period.

Commanders of all the forces make no plans now until advance forecasts of weather conditions have been supplied.

They depend on these weather-flight men, in England and on the Western Front, to put them wise.

If weather pilots are attacked by enemy aircraft, they must carry on with their work, climbing out of danger and taking observations when they can eventually descend.

Sometimes difficult conditions cause them to land hundreds of miles from their stations.

Other Weather S.S. men are always busy probing the secrets of the weather, finding the height of clouds at night with special searchlights, trying to dissipate fog by artificial means.

Still more are grappling with the "radio-sonde" method of measuring the atmosphere up to heights of ten miles or more.

The apparatus, sent up in a tiny balloon, transmits radio signals, indicating temperature, pressure and humidity at any height.

Even wind can be measured by radio through another "toy" balloon gaily sailing into the sky carrying a small transmitter.

In this new war science, the weather "prophet" becomes a Front Line Man whose service is essential to the safety of his brothers-at-arms.

The Latest Racket is —

SELLING "GOVERNMENT JOBS"

"WOULD you like a job?" With this question a tall, burly man with greying hair, a tendency to corpulence and an intriguing Irish accent stopped a busy errand boy outside a shop in Liverpool.

"I've got a job," said the boy, "but my brother has been out of work for a long time."

"Well, maybe I can find your brother a job," said the man. "My firm is in need of smart lads."

So they hurried to the boy's home to look for the unemployed youth.

The man introduced himself as "Mister Wesley," said his firm's headquarters were across the river in Birkenhead, and gave the brother a few pence to pay for the journey.

When both boys had gone off, one to a new job, the other to continue his errand, Mister Wesley went in search of their mother.

He explained what had happened, and said the boy would receive good wages, but it would be impossible for him to travel backwards and forwards across the river every day.

He would have to live in Birkenhead, but he would see that the youngster found good lodgings. Could the mother advance something towards the boy's keep until he received his first pay packet?

The mother, a poor, hardworking woman, borrowed and scraped together thirty shillings, handed Wesley a suit of clothes belonging to the boy, a torch, a pair of gloves and other oddments of clothing. She was sure that the charming Mister Wesley would look after her lad.

The Good Samaritan had hardly left the house when the boy came running home again. He'd been to Birkenhead only to find that the address he had been given was fictitious. There was no such firm as James Wesley and Son!

Mister Wesley was a fraud.

Another poor woman had fallen a victim to the clever ruse of a jailbird who has been living for years by perpetrating such frauds and is now using the war as an excuse for his tricks.

IN the past he has obtained money by posing as a local police officer. Now he is going the way of many other crooks, using war work and non-existent Government jobs as bait with which to set traps.

War has been a blessing to many crooks who find it easier to "sell" Government jobs than to pursue their threadbare frauds.

Even women have either invented uniforms and titles for themselves or else preyed on good nature with hard luck stories of "missing" husbands and sons.

Young men nearing the calling-up age and eager to be given commissions in the Royal Air Force were interested by an advertisement appearing in the morning newspapers explaining that a retired officer could give them useful tuition.

Applicants writing to the box number received replies from "Major B. White," of Nottingham, who said he had had a distinguished military career and had served with the Air Force.

One young man went to see "White," and found that he was a fine-looking soldierly man, with a scar on his forehead, which he explained was caused in a crash in 1917.

He came of a distinguished military family, he said, and had such influence in the "highest quarters" that if no questions were asked he could obtain his friend a commission in a few days.

FIFTY pounds changed hands, and the major disappeared, D.S.O. and all.

The young man he had robbed was left to discover that he was only one of many dupes who had parted with money so that "Major White" could find them commissions.

A warrant was issued for the arrest of the scarfaced major.

He has been masquerading in military uniform for years. He has promoted himself from subaltern to colonel overnight and has appeared a week later as a major.

This thoroughgoing scoundrel, who has seen the inside of quite a few jails, seems to have no difficulty in obtaining money from persons with his talk of "influential" friends, his vast estates, his gay, reckless days as a young officer, his exciting love affairs. Twice he has duped women after proposing marriage.

Police are looking for the gallant "major," knowing full well that even though he did serve in the last war he never reached higher rank than that of a lance-corporal.

Another daring crook is flourishing by masquerading in the assumed name of Major Leslie Durrant. A tall, slim man of forty-five, his smart appearance and equally smart car enable him to get away with the most fantastic stories.

He stays at grand hotels, is engaged on "hush-hush Government work," never talks about his job, but has little difficulty in borrowing fairly large sums of money when he pretends that a cheque has gone astray. One woman gave him £80.

Little did she guess that the fine officer had obtained even his uniform by fraud, that he had been in jail, and that he will go to prison again when caught even if only for his fraud on an estate agent to whom he pretended that he wanted a large country house in which to settle his family.

And with the crooks posing as Army and Government officials are the charity frauds, now having no difficulty in persuading people to give money to fictitious funds.

Among the most successful professional beggars is an old jailbird who travels the country in clerical clothes, making careful notes of donations in a leather-bound note-book and giving the most impressive speeches to raise money for anything that comes into his head, whether it be warm clothes for the Finns or bird-baths for the Zoo.

And people will go on being duped until they examine the credentials of these beggars and also realise that Government jobs can't be bought.

War has given the most impudent tricksters a chance to revive their old dodges, using uniforms, high-sounding titles and other high-falutin' nonsense in perpetrating the most arrant frauds. This is how they are working.

INSIDE BRITAIN

● In most of the daily newspapers neutral observers have been telling Britain what is happening INSIDE GERMANY. But it is equally essential for us to know what neutral observers in this country are telling their peoples about INSIDE BRITAIN.

● So we have commissioned Dr. P. J. J. Bonnel, a well-known representative of several Continental newspapers, to tell our readers what he thinks of internal affairs in this country. As a trained observer, he will describe his reactions to our war conduct, praising and criticising with equal frankness.

By a Neutral

HE was standing on Covent Garden underground station, a man of about thirty, six feet tall, and as broad as an ox.

He was in battle dress. He is the last man in the world I would want to meet if I were a German soldier on night patrol.

He looked at me three times, with the look of a man who is bursting to say something to somebody. And, sure enough, that's just how he felt.

"If the Government wants to censor anything at all, it should censor those posters put out by tailors advertising officers' uniforms," he said, indicating one of the illustrations that had annoyed him.

"Four different firms are advertising uniforms on this platform alone, and every officer shown is a weakling. Just look at them. Pigeon chests, legs like line-props. Heads as narrow as a ferret's. If the British Army were like that a puff of wind would blow it away."

He was very pleased to find that I agreed with him.

"Give them projecting teeth and receding chins," he went on, "and they'd be just as the Nazis like to portray an Englishman when they want to sneer at him. Whereas the truth is ——"

And he went on to tell me with pride that in the opinion of the medical officer of his unit, who served in the last war, the young soldier is an even finer specimen, physically, than his father was in 1914.

"So much for the decadent young Briton," I thought.

He was going to Acton, I found. I am afraid I delayed him an hour or so.

FOR when I told him that, as a Belgian who had travelled Europe extensively, I had heard thousands of conventional German criticisms of "decadent Britons," and that as a linguist with a knowledge of several languages I had been reading such criticisms for years in the German newspapers, he was anxious to know whether I knew the Café Royal.

In the lounge we continued our conversation.

He asked a young officer: "Anyone using these seats, sir?"

The young officer replied: "No. I shall be delighted if you'll take them." And within a few minutes all three of us were talking. (Where's the class-consciousness that used to spoil Britain? I wondered.)

Said the young man in battle dress: "There's no doubt that Hitler imagined that, with half the youth of Britain believing in peace, not one man in three would go to war under any circumstances.

"Well, I believed in peace—and I volunteered for this lot. Half the men serving with me at Woolwich believed in peace. Some of my Army pals talked peace from platforms. Quite a lot of them took an active part in the peace ballot.

"But the mistake the Germans made was to think that our pacifist talk meant that we were a crowd of softies.

"What Hitler didn't know was that nineteen out of twenty of the British people who believed in peace were not the type who keep their arms at their sides no matter what assault is made on them.

"They didn't all believe in hitting back the moment they were struck. What they did believe in was not resorting to force until every other means had failed, and then only in self-defence."

The young officer interrupted with: "I don't mind confessing that I signed the peace ballot."

"And you volunteered for this lot, too, sir?" asked my friend.

"I most certainly did," was the reply.

There's no doubt about it that Hitler did regard Britons of this kind as "softies" a few years ago. I know that from what I have heard in Germany, from what I have read in the German newspapers.

And he calls them British war-mongers now—rapacious wolves, thisting for blood.

He can't have it both ways.

The Nazis have made many mistakes about Britain, it seems to me. They are still making them.

I listened to the Hamburg radio the other day. Lord Haw-haw was speaking.

"London is short of entertainment," he said. (It wasn't the experience of the two young men I spoke to in the Café Royal, by the way!) "Well, well, well. One might have thought that when bread is short, at least entertainments should be plentiful."

NOW let me broadcast this description of how I, a neutral, am able to live in Britain in war time.

I have never seen a food queue. I have never seen a British housewife leave a shop with the mildest look of disappointment on her face.

When I get up in the morning I have my tea or coffee with as much cream or milk as I always had.

It isn't ersatz coffee. It isn't tea gathered in hedges and ditches. It isn't skimmed milk.

On the other hand, I positively cannot get more than one rasher of bacon served with my breakfast, so that it is impossible for me to enjoy the two rashers and one egg that the English have taught me to eat.

I have to have one rasher and two eggs. . . .

My bread is as snowy-white as ever it was, just as wholesome, just as plentiful. In fact, my wife, who is a great lover of birds and animals, thought she would order a few loaves more every day during a recent blizzard—to feed the birds.

She asked the baker whether it was possible.

His reply was: "Madam, you can have enough to feed the Zoo if you want."

I go to restaurants for my lunch. What hardships I meet with there!

I get just as much meat, bacon, ham, fish, vegetables and other foods as I always got, and I have never been asked for a coupon or even half a coupon.

No, they haven't even wanted to punch a coupon. I find it difficult to believe, at such times, that Britain is engaged in a life-or-death struggle.

But they will only allow me one pat of butter, unless I produce my ration book—which I see no point in doing, seeing that I never wanted more than one pat.

BUT here's the sting in the tail. When I ask for the glass of light ale that accompanies my meal, the waiter says: "Fivepence ha'penny, please."

And he used to be conten' with fivepence. He calls the extra ha'penny—should you challenge the amount—"paying for the war!"

So far, then, your war is costing me only a few halfpennies.

As for entertainment, there is cabaret everywhere, so far as London is concerned. It is as cheap and as good as ever.

The pictures are packed. The theatres are playing to capacity. The quality hasn't gone off, but the price is slightly lower, in some cases—to tempt people into the black-out, perhaps.

Fond of football in this country as in my own, I have never missed a Saturday afternoon match since the war started—except when the weather made play impossible.

With a well-filled stomach, a body not denied the fats so necessary to fuel it, and good woollen clothes on my back, I have literally glowed all over as I watched the play.

Then I have gone home to those "teas" that the British have taught me to eat—nice browned muffins, rich in butter, well-soaked crumpets, plenty of rich cake and biscuits.

Yes, it is just as rich, just as plentiful, just as cheap.

While I am observing life in Britain, I am also writing to friends in a variety of neutral countries. I am able to make comparisons.

I LEARN that in the neutral countries affected by the blockade, food is dearer and far less plentiful than it is in this country that Lord Haw-Haw is so sorry for.

I know that many people in Britain have been hard-hit by the war already, that families have been split up, that all British life has been affected in some way or other.

But the point I am making in this preliminary article is that, to the neutral observer, all these changes have happened beneath the surface.

Are things going on normally because as yet the British people are not fully awake to the peril in which they stand?

And if they are still dozing, will it take bombs to rouse them properly?

I cannot be quite sure about that, because you British are as inscrutable to foreigners as the Chinese are supposed to be.

But I fancy that your leaders have not much cause to worry about you. The day when Britons allow themselves to become so worried that they can't be bothered with sport and amusement and everyday hobbies will mark a great and fundamental change in the British character.

There are some things about that character which I have not always liked—but at least the neutral observer must admit that it has been invariably successful.

Regarded as a rebel in the last war, Tom Johnston, A.R.P. General No. 3, is now one of Britain's main pillars of security

He Could be King of Scotland. .

"Some people would boil down the last robin to get red paint," said he

THOMAS JOHNSTON, a Labour M.P., has been given a job so important that if, during the war, communications break down, he would be the head of a body of seven men entirely responsible for the civil government of Scotland.

He is Civil Defence Commissioner for Scotland, with the Earl of Airlie as deputy.

Onerous as his job is, Tom Johnston likes it. It gives him an excuse for not coming to London, where he is unhappy; and for not sitting in a House of Commons where he must feel, I am sure, that his great gifts are wasted.

He has always hated the long week-end journeys home to Scotland and back again. He was going to retire at the end of this Parliament, anyway.

Tom Johnston is a steel-willed man of splendid character — and of first-rate literary ability. His appointment, uncompromising Socialist as he is, shows how, in appointing the war commissioners, the Government was wise enough to choose all kinds of men.

Soon after his job began, wonders were achieved.

He and the Lord Advocate of Scotland arranged that the State should become the owner of great supplies of canned herring, kept as a food reserve.

They saw that venison would be available at low prices, and that mutton should be turned into bacon—macon, as they call it—and that the land given over to the cultivation of vegetables should be vastly increased.

Tom found himself settling strikes, securing a more generous share of broadcasting time for Scotland, dealing with the problems of the black-out, and at the same time finding toys for evacuees, fixing wool prices, storing coal and petrol and perfecting the water supply.

If communications across the Tweed were ever cut off, in fact, Tom Johnston would be almost King of Scotland!

Yet he began his education in a board school. True, he went to Glasgow University afterwards, but he was, to start with, merely a local working-class boy.

A NATIVE of Kirkintilloch, he served nine years on the local council before going out into the bigger world, where he pioneered Scotland's first municipal bank and was its first chairman.

This led him into a study of money in all its forms. Indeed, he has since published exposures of finance more ruthless than any others I have ever read.

I am proud to know that he is a brother journalist. In 1907, he founded *Forward*, a Socialist weekly published in Glasgow.

It took, in Scotland, the place held in England by the *Clarion* in Robert Blatchford's days.

To start with, he had only one person on his staff—a girl.

BEFORE long, his Edinburgh correspondent was Willie Graham, who ran the woman's page for a big Scottish paper. The time came when, in a Labour Government, Johnston was Lord Privy Seal and Willie Graham was President of the Board of Trade.

In the last war, *Forward* got in wrong. It actually dared to publish a full report of a debate between Lloyd George and David Kirkwood!

The Government suppressed the paper—a thing this Government would not dare to do—and continued a house-to-house search for copies.

All this did was to put 10,000 on the sale of the next issue and make the paper's continued existence certain.

Well, Tom, regarded as a rebel in the last war, is one of Britain's main pillars of security this time.

In 1914-18, Tom fought furiously for a reduction in War Loan interest, pointing out that every increase in the price of necessities that was not instantly followed by an increase in wages was a "reduction of interest" for the workers.

When Labour came into office in 1929, he declared that if Ministers would renounce Cabinet salaries and carry on with their ordinary £400 a year as M.P.s it would capture the imagination of the country. Ramsay MacDonald, however, would not listen.

Tom was the first to point out that Labour was taking "office not power," coining a phrase that has been used thousands of times since.

He urged that Ramsay should then adopt a proper Labour programme, whatever the result. Ramsay funked it.

In those days, Labour ignored his advice, but smiled at his cartoons—for Tom, as a back-bencher, sketched M.P.s while he was thinking.

IT was Tom who described Lloyd George as "the orphan of the storm," a phrase that stuck for years.

"Some people would boil down the last robin to get red paint," was another of his epigrams.

In 1925, he urged "Seize all the unused land." The only land seized was that which had been turned into allotments in the last war. It was seized from the men who had helped us to win.

In 1928, attacking the Tory de-rating scheme, he called it "the last attempt of a dying Government to rob the national till for the benefit of its friends."

In 1930, he fought hard to get the Church of Scotland to help in removing Scotland's slums.

Then in 1931, he was made Lord Privy Seal. That sobered him. . . .

There remains from his term as a Cabinet Minister, however, his revelation that the Labour Government was planning to produce motor fuel and other oil from coal.

Tories thought this a mere excuse to fob off questions on unemployment. Today, we are getting oil from coal—not as a nation, unfortunately, but as private companies.

Had Tom been listened to, millions would have been saved.

His story of Labour's fall in 1931 is the frankest that has been written.

"The City, the financiers and the moneylenders in New York and Paris, refused to put up credits in support of a balanced budget," he said. "They demanded a cut in unemployment benefit.

"They wanted humanity crucified on a cross of gold. We declined absolutely, and resigned. That is all there is to say about it."

Later, he revealed: "Twenty men and one woman—a British Cabinet—waited one black Sunday afternoon in a Downing Street garden for a final decision from the Federal Reserve Bank of New York."

He accused the Bank of England, too, of directly interfering with the Government and over-riding a Cabinet decision. So Tom does not mince words, you see.

HIS "History of the Working-classes of Scotland," a terrible indictment, sold 5,000 copies in a few weeks—at 10s. 6d.!

To-day, rebel though he may be in certain moods, he realises, as nearly every man of his type does, that, if Germany beat us, he and all the other people like him—yes, you and I, too, and all the little people who love liberty—would be slaves under the Nazi heel.

And yet, while Tom Johnston may one day, if Calamity comes, be Master of Scotland, his old paper, *Forward*, now turns on him, and wants to stop the war at once!

"Heroes are always ordinary folk"

HEROES are always ordinary folk, who do the job to be done, they don't disregard the help of God, nor the balance of honest fun. They don't fiddle round thinking what they would do if things happened the other way, they don't hold any special cards in Life's Pack, they make the best of their hand—and Play!

HEROES are always everyday folk, they don't deal in selected jobs, they don't haggle with Life and they have no time for social distinctions and snobs. They don't wait for the chance that may never come, nor do they pander to fear, they just do the thing that they've got to do and they don't wait for the crowd to cheer.

HEROES are always the sort of folk who mend whatever Life breaks, who patch up Disasters with Hope and trust, no matter how long it takes. They grapple with things in a simple way for they won't sell out to Defeat, to them the thing that has got to be done is the thing to tackle and meet.

HEROES are those who don't rail at Fate, they take Life just as it comes, and when their fingers are torn and numb they beat it out with their thumbs. And when the Last Chance swings out of sight they don't stand on Life's road and whine, they keep on till their last bit of human strength links up with the Strength Divine.

HEROES are those who hold Life's lamp for others to see round the bend, they never give in whatever the cost, to them Life is meant to spend. And theirs is the voice a man likes to hear when he crosses into the Light, the voice of a man who sees past Death with his, "Go on, Friend, it's ALL RIGHT!"

J. M.

Too.

● Now Sir John Reith, the reputed strong man, is at the Ministry of Information, he must give neutral newspaper men something worth writing home about, and he must help to keep the peoples of Britain on their toes

MUCH DITHER!

In this, the sternest struggle of our history, we must be prepared for discipline and sacrifice such as we have never before accepted. It will be worth while . . . .

"WHEN I say 'fix,'" said the sergeant, "don't fix: wait for it!" Can anybody who ever drilled with the awkward squad forget that injunction and the tedious waiting for the word of command?

Sometimes now, when speaker after speaker warns us of "apathy" and the "need for discipline" and "the coming storm," we get the impression that the entire British public is being treated like an awkward squad.

It shouldn't be. It is made up of intelligent and willing people, eager to do their duty, but sometimes tired of "waiting for it" to be defined.

The public is not necessarily apathetic because it is not for ever talking about the war. It is not slacking because it still enjoys football and the pictures and a visit to "the local."

Nor is it counting on an easy victory just because, so far, it has been left so largely to its own devices.

German men and women are never left alone. The word of command is barked at them day and night. They are not allowed to forget the war for a single instant.

They may be sick to death of Goebbels on this account, but at least they know what is expected of them.

AND we believe that the clever fighter can always learn a lot from his opponent—provided he studies his mistakes, with a view to avoiding them, and his successful ringcraft, with a view to improving on it.

Dictatorships always have certain advantages over democracies. Germany, even before the war started, had one big advantage over us—the central and complete control of men, money, supplies and propaganda.

We don't want Hitlerism here, but, in order to defeat the Nazis, we must take a few leaves out of their book.

Obviously, for instance, there is something to be said for Germany's propaganda machine, with its ceaseless output of dope for the foreigner and ginger for the native.

To influence foreign opinion, truth is more potent than dope—but it needs to be truth with a punch.

And we have been pulling our propaganda punches. We have said too little because we have been so desperately anxious not to say too much.

We ought to have supplied the American and other neutral correspondents with hot news and quantities of vivid, significant photographs like those, so tardily released, of the German air bases as seen by the R.A.F. camera men.

We ought to have given them the fighting facts of the Allied war effort without fuss, formality or delay. Instead, we have fobbed them off with colourless announcements and stale reports.

Now we have Sir John Reith, the reputed strong man, at the Ministry of Information. Presently, we suppose, he will actually be able to answer questions in Parliament.

WE SHALL BE SATISFIED IF, BEFORE THAT HAPPENS, HE CAN SATISFY THE NEUTRAL NEWSPAPER MEN AND GIVE THEM SOMETHING WORTH WRITING HOME ABOUT.

Propaganda for home consumption has been equally thin. The Archbishop of York and other recent speakers observe a kind of indifference to the war among many civilians.

They think this is partly due to conscription. In the last war recruiting campaigns did more than raise volunteers: they kept the whole country on its toes.

We don't need recruiting campaigns now, but we need inspiration just as much as ever.

The Premier blames himself and the Government for not having told us enough and for not making us realise more vividly that we are fighting for our lives.

BUT WE BLAME ALL OUR LEADERS FOR TALKING SO OFTEN IN VAGUELY GENERAL TERMS INSTEAD OF GIVING US A FIGHTING LEAD AND THE REAL "WORD OF COMMAND."

Goebbels said the other day that the Nazis had conquered the German people in twelve years of bitter struggle.

We are still—thank God! an unconquered people, but to win this war we need to conquer ourselves and to face the hard fact that no individual or sectional interest can be allowed to impede the national effort.

The Germans are *compelled* to self-denial and sacrifice. We are certain that the British public will respond, cheerfully and without compulsion, to any clear call of duty.

But it must be a clear call and an honest one. The millions employed in our factories, shipyards, mines, business houses and public services are hard at work *now*. What else can they, or ought they, to do to help?

Without Fear or Favour by the Editor

Special appeals are being made—particularly to people with small incomes—to save and to lend. At the same time, they are urged not to be impatient for higher wages with each increase in the cost of living.

Apart from the fact that all such appeals have a hollow ring, while the banks and big corporations are allowed to pay high profits and while the maintenance of dividends is judged more important than the maintenance of living standards, no public speaker has yet said exactly what he means by economy.

WHY is the public not told?

Is it extravagance for those who can afford to buy French wines and Paris models? If so, a general saving in this direction would hit our Allies' trade very hard.

Again, ought we to cut down our smoking and drinking and lay up our cars? If we did, the individual would save money, but the State would lose revenue.

We can tell you—indeed, JOHN BULL has already told you—what war time thrift should imply.

We know that all who are fortunate enough to be earning more money now than they were before the war ought to save the surplus and lend it to the country.

We see the obvious need for an all-round effort to buy British, Empire and French goods in preference to all others.

And, above all, we realise the imperative need for a cut in personal pocket-money and a general determination to do without needless luxuries.

But only the Government can supply an authoritative and detailed statement on war time spending as a whole. It should give the "word of command" at once.

GERMANY has an Economic Dictator in Field-Marshal Goering. His word is law. He ordains this and forbids that. By decree he can compel thrift or tax savings out of existence. He can stop wasteful buying by closing shops or clamping down supplies.

And, while the people of Germany submit to this enslavement, Goering can thus control wages and prices simultaneously. And also profits!

This gives the Nazis an advantage in the economic field, so great as largely to offset our real and immense superiority in credit and in raw materials.

WE MUST COUNTER THIS ADVANTAGE BY SETTING UP A CENTRAL AUTHORITY AT LEAST COMPARABLE TO THAT OF GOERING HIMSELF.

Perhaps, by the time you read these lines, the Government may already have yielded to the insistent demand for a Ministry of Economic Co-ordination to weld the Treasury, the Board of Trade, the Ministries of Shipping, Food, Agriculture, and kindred departments into one tremendous economic machine.

We ourselves hold no brief for this man or for that; we ask only for a strong Minister with a seat in the Inner War Cabinet and the power and courage to give the country a clear lead.

There has been too much divided authority; too much dithering, far too much hoping for the best.

Germany, by her own vile methods, has found work of some kind for all her people. We still have a huge army of unemployed, and we shall never put any of these idle hands to work again merely by analysing the unemployment figures and trying to explain them away.

The black-out, says Sir John Anderson, cannot safely become any less black, but in order to reduce the frightful death-roll in the streets we are merely placing motorists on their honour to observe a twenty-mile speed limit which cannot be enforced in practice!

We do not doubt for a single instant that the Allies will win the war. We despise and abominate the ruthless tyranny by which Hitlerism holds the German public in subjection.

But we know that we are engaged in the sternest conflict of our history, and that we must be prepared for discipline and sacrifice such as we have never before accepted.

That prospect will never daunt the men and women of our race. The Government can count upon them to the uttermost.

They are ready for anything and everything—but they are waiting for the word of command.

DEFENCE CORPS

Short Story by WILL SCOTT

When Gudge started in to tell the world how he had won the last war, as key-man of the Dover Patrol, Mr. Frisby could stand it no longer. He got out—quickly!

WHEN the war came, Mr. Frisby's firm decided to evacuate, lock, stock and barrel, but whether to West Wimberry or Mornington Cray they couldn't quite make up their minds.

There were probably better facilities at West Wimberry, but, on the other hand, Mornington Cray was by far the pleasanter place.

In the end they left it to Mr. Frisby.

"Go down to see for yourself," they told him. "Use your own judgment. Get decent premises, whichever place you decide on, and let us know as soon as you can."

Mr. Frisby went down to see for himself.

He went down to Mornington Cray first, since he, like everybody else, knew it was by far the pleasanter place. He got down just after the black-out.

Mr. Frisby had been once before to Mornington Cray. He had passed it by car and knew it just a little better than he knew the far side of the moon.

DISLIKING hotels because they always made him feel so far from home, he placed himself in the hands of the station-master and was recommended to Mrs. Cheriton's in Epple Avenue.

There he got a most comfortable "combined" on the first floor.

Mr. Frisby had no inclination for the "pictures," and even less for prowling about Mornington Cray at that time of the evening in the black-out. There was a cosy fire in his room. He settled himself down in an armchair to sample as much of Mrs. Cheriton's "library" as she had provided for No. 3.

Some ten minutes later he heard the outer door open and close, and two boisterous men pass into the room below. From the loud way in which they addressed each other, he soon made out that their names were Kelly and Gudge. Kelly appeared to be a fellow-boarder and Gudge a visitor.

Not interested in either, Mr. Frisby turned back to his books and began on the top of page five again.

Presently the loud and droning voice of Kelly was forcing its way up through the ceiling under Mr. Frisby's feet. Kelly seemed to be telling the wide world not only what he did in the last war, but how he won it.

"Mespot it was, in the last weeks there, and if you didn't know it, you can't imagine it. We'd had no water for two days. We were pretty desperate."

Mr. Frisby heard Gudge mutter encouragement.

"A hundred and twenty of us there were, and if we hadn't got through I don't like to say what would have happened to the last war. It isn't always the big exploits that get themselves into the history books. This didn't make any splash, but *was* it important?"

Again Gudge muttered and Kelly went on.

"We had to get through, but nobody could suggest a thing. We had a Lieutenant in charge of us. *He* couldn't suggest a thing. The boys were dropping like flies off a ceiling. Could anything save us? Then I got my big idea. . . ."

On went Kelly. How he won the Great War. Chapter and verse.

Mr. Frisby wished he'd shut up. He wanted to read his book. Three times he turned to the top of page five, but each time his attention was dragged away by the droning voice below.

To make matters worse, two other men joined Kelly and Gudge, and Gudge and Kelly began all over again.

MR. FRISBY sighed.

The newcomers' names were Bunting and Smith.

They were as boisterous as Kelly and Gudge

When Kelly had finished telling the wide world how he won the last war, Bunting began.

He, too, it appeared, had won the last war.

"It was out in Palestine in 1917. Things were looking pretty grim. . . ."

Mr. Frisby groaned. When, at the end of Bunting's recital, Gudge started in to tell the wide world how *he* had won the last war, as the key-man of the Dover Patrol, Mr. Frisby could stand it no longer.

He gave page five up as hopeless, threw the book aside and got his hat and coat.

From Mrs. Cheriton he received the information that she always understood, though not, of course, from personal knowledge, that the "Feathers" was the nicest public-house in the neighbourhood. You couldn't miss it, even in the black-out. First on the right, first on the left, under the bridge, and there you were.

Mr. Frisby went to the "Feathers."

TRADE being about as bad as anybody could remember, he had the lounge all to himself, with a nice fire into the bargain. A bit lonely, but better than listening to the braggings of Kelly and his pals.

Presently, from behind the glass partition separating him from the saloon bar, Mr. Frisby heard a tankard put down heavily.

"Same again, Mr. Kaye-Pottar?" came the landlord's voice.

Mr. Kaye-Pottar, whoever Mr. Kaye-Pottar might be, agreed that yes, it was the same again.

Then the outer door of the saloon bar opened and closed, and heavy boots marched to the counter and ordered a bitter.

"Evening," said Mr. Kaye-Pottar.

"Evening, sir," said Heavy-boots.

"Home on leave?"

"Oh, no, we've been moved down to this part of the world to finish our training."

"Ah. Thought I didn't know your face."

A pause, filled in, no doubt, with the tankard. Then Mr. Kaye-Pottar cleared his decks.

"Well, I never thought the day would come when you youngsters would be mixed up in a mess like this. I thought *we'd* finished all that when we were youngsters."

Heavy-boots said nothing.

"I had four years in France," said Mr. Kaye-Pottar. "Four years, and that was enough. I could tell you some things."

More business with the tankard followed, then it went down with a thud.

"I remember one day—the Spring of '15 it was—when I got mixed up in what I think I can fairly call the turning point of the war, although none of us recognised it as such then."

"REALLY?" said Heavy-boots.

"We'd been in the line for three weeks without a break, and things were pretty desperate. Our boys were dropping out by the score and the commanding officer was at his wit's end. It looked like finish for us—no way out—but I went to the boss one morning . . ."

Mr. Frisby, his mouth open, listened in astonishment. Mr. Kaye-Pottar, though in the saloon bar, was telling the wide world how he won the Great War.

(*Continued on page 22*)

Does your dog get enough exercise these days?

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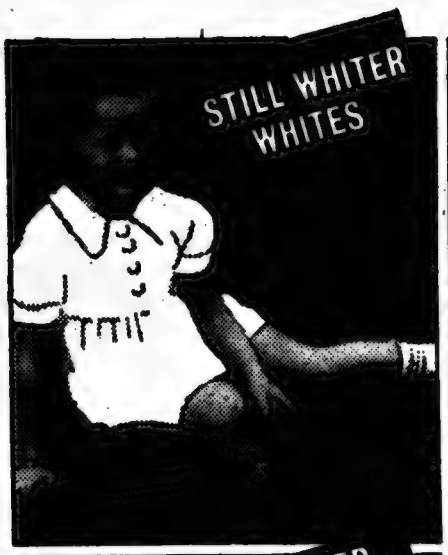

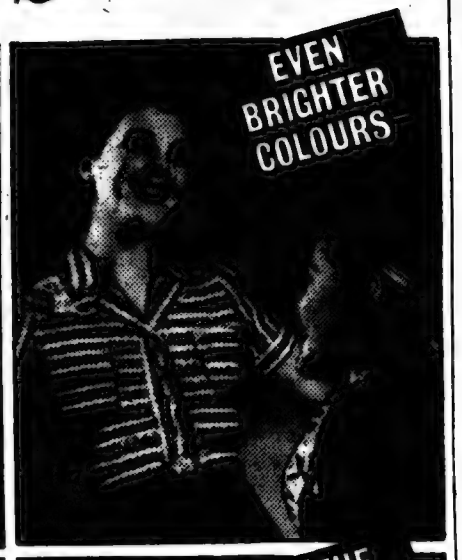

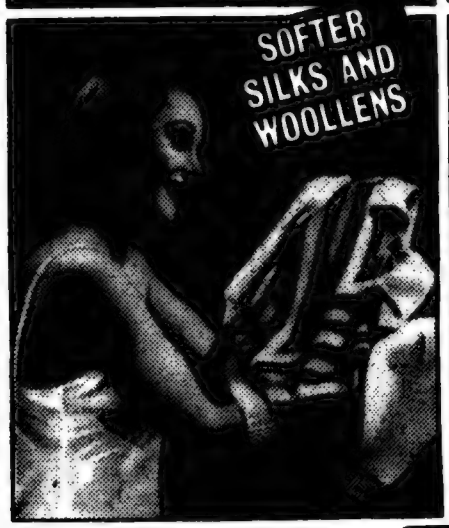

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Now a 'Bonny Young Lady'—thanks to Famel

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"*I took her a bottle of Famel to try. In a few days the mother came to me begging for another bottle, saying that her daughter had slept better since taking the second dose. I gave her another bottle.*

"*When I was at D— preaching last, a young lady came to me and asked if I knew her. I replied that I did not. Then she said 'I am the girl you saw at P— Farm.' She did look a bonny young lady!*"

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Continuing

WILL SCOTT'S STORY

Wincing, Mr. Frisby put down his glass and stumbled into the black-out.

"Well, good gracious me!" he said.

He found his way back to Mrs. Cheriton's, found also that the bragging match was still going on on the floor below, undressed and got into bed.

He pulled the bedclothes up over his ears.

Business kept Mr. Frisby in Mornington Cray throughout the next day, and since it was plain that his business would not be completed before the last train went on to West Wimberry, he arranged with Mrs. Cheriton for another night on the same terms.

He went out for a walk, and turned into the saloon bar of the "Royal Hotel," which he'd found by accident.

Although not crowded, it was doing better business than the "Feathers" on the previous evening. Four men sat together round a table, and a heavily built man with a waxed moustache sat alone on a high stool.

Mr. Frisby ordered a beer.

"Pleasant evening," said the man with the waxed moustache.

Mr. Frisby's nerves tingled.

The man with the waxed moustache was Kaye-Pottar!

"Terrible, all this," said Kaye-Pottar, with a wave of the hand.

MR. FRISBY thought he meant at first the saloon bar of the "Royal Hotel," but Kaye-Pottar didn't leave anybody long in doubt.

"The war."

"Oh," said Mr. Frisby. "Oh, yes."

"Thought we'd done with all that," Kaye-Pottar went on. "Our generation."

"Quite," said Mr. Frisby.

"I had four years in France," said Kaye-Pottar. "I could tell you some things."

"I guess you could."

Kaye-Pottar cleared his throat.

"I remember one day—the Spring of '15 it was—when I got mixed up in what I think I can fairly call the turning point of the war, although none of us recognised it as such then. We'd been in the line for three weeks without a break...."

"That reminds me," said one of the men at the table, getting up to have the glasses refilled.

Again Mr. Frisby's nerves tingled. Another familiar voice! *Kelly!*

Could the others be Gudge and Bunting and Smith? They could, as Mr. Frisby was soon to find out.

"That reminds me," said Kelly, "of an experience of mine. Mespot it was, in the last weeks there, and we'd had no water for two days. We were pretty desperate...."

Wound up, he romped ahead. Kaye-Pottar sat there frowning, but there was no stopping Kelly until he had told everybody present, with the greatest detail, how he had won the Great War in Mespot. Then he reached for his glass and took a deep drink.

"I remember one day in the Spring of '15," Kaye-Pottar began again.

"Myself," Bunting interrupted, "I was in Palestine...."

KAYE-POTTAR'S frown deepened, but that didn't stop Bunting. In a booming voice he spent the next ten minutes telling his little audience how he won the Great War in Palestine.

When it was over, Kaye-Pottar got in quickly.

"I remember one day in the Spring of '15, when I got mixed up...."

But quick as Kaye-Pottar was, Gudge was quicker.

"When I was in the Dover Patrol...."

"Well, good night, gentlemen," said Mr. Frisby. And went.

Gudge kept on the end, and the end was how he won the war in the Dover Patrol.

Kay-Pottar nodded impatiently.

"I remember one day in the Spring of '15...."

"*I*," said Smith suddenly, "was in Egypt. And there, early in 1918...."

"Hell!" exploded Kaye-Pottar.

"Pardon?" said Smith.

Kaye-Pottar had gone.

"And that, I reckon," said Kelly, "has cured him. If it hasn't he can have another dose whenever he likes."

"THAT wart," said Kelly, "whenever he meets a stranger he *will* tell the story of how he won the war. Ever since this war started he's been at it. We've tried yawning, but it doesn't work. So we had to swot up a defence and smoke him out."

"You mean, gentlemen," said the landlord, "that you never had those adventures?"

"Lord, no," said Gudge. "We read 'em in a book."

"And time well spent if it's done the trick," said Kelly. "And I think it has."

It had.

You don't hear now, in the taverns and other public places of Mornington Cray, of any citizen of that delightful spot who won the Great War in '18.

Mr. Frisby's firm is at West Wimberry.

He will admit, if you ask him, that Mornington Cray is by far the pleasanter place. As a place.

"But," he will add, "I can't stand the people. They spend all their time telling each other and the wide world how they won the last war, twenty years ago."

3-Minute Mystery

"You expect me to believe that, do you?" asked the Intelligence Officer

The Missing Petrol

"WHY did you open the door at eleven o'clock at night, like that?" asked Captain Connolly of the Intelligence, as he turned to Peter Giles, caretaker of the Army's Petrol Storage Depot. "I thought you were only supposed to open up when the R.A.F. tenders called?"

"I thought they were R.A.F. men," Giles explained. "When they knocked, I looked out of the window and saw three or four lorries. They looked like service vehicles, so I didn't suspect anything.

"When I opened the door, two of the men jumped at me and knocked me out. That's all I knew until I woke this morning, to find that 3,000 gallons of high-grade flying spirit had gone."

Connolly nodded to the police-inspector who was listening.

"You'd better get your men to make plaster-cast impressions of every pair of foot-marks they can find," he suggested. "Tell them to take impressions of all the tyre-tracks. We may be able to trace either the men or the trucks."

"You'd better show us the soles of your boots so that we can eliminate your tracks," he said to Giles.

"You'll find plenty of mine out there," he said. "I had a look around after I came to. I thought they might have left something."

Connolly joined the inspector in the open air, and was told that the detectives had succeeded in locating a number of clear impressions.

While casting around for clues, he came across a particularly clear tyre impression made by one of the lorries. Part of it was obliterated by one of Giles' footprints.

Still a second part had been blotted out by the wheels of the last lorry to leave. It also showed the heelmark on the foot-print.

Finally, he went back into the store.

"How was it you knew exactly how much petrol had been stolen?" he demanded of Giles.

Giles hesitated.

"We always store it in 200 gallon lots," he explained. "All I had to do was to count the empty fixtures!"

"You expect me to believe that, do you?" the Intelligence Officer asked. "Perhaps a few hours in a cell will make you tell us who you got to help you in this robbery."

WHY DID HE SAY THAT?

See page 26.

RHEUMATISM

"Had to crawl on hands and knees"

How would you feel if you had to say this about yourself? "A cup of tea was too heavy to hold. I could not walk. My way of getting about the house was by crawling on my hands and knees." That is how Mr. G. H. E. describes the pitiable plight to which acute rheumatic trouble had brought him. Every part of his body was affected, not only by swellings but with "unbearable pain."

One evening on the wireless he heard of Fynnon Salt and he bought a tin, with what good results you may gather from Mr. G. H. E.'s own words. "I am overjoyed with all that Fynnon Salt has done for me. My pains and swellings are all gone. I can walk, run and enjoy a day's work. It is heaven to be healthy again."

What Fynnon Salt has done for Mr. G. H. E. and thousands of others it can do for you. Fynnon contains the three active elements for which healing Spas throughout Europe are famed—Sodium, Potassium and Lithium. A teaspoonful a day in a tumblerful of water brings these wonderful Salts of the Earth to your aid. Kidneys and liver are revitalised. Cruel rheumatic crystal formations are dissolved and flushed away. Relief from pain comes surely and swiftly. A large tin of Fynnon Salt costs only 1/3.

See how your savings grow !

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Interest averages £3. 3s. 5d. per cent over 10 years and the safety of your capital guaranteed

VALUE AFTER	1 Certificate costs 15/-	5 Certificates cost £3 . 15s.	10 Certificates cost £7 . 10s.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1 YEAR	— 15 3	3 16 3	7 12 6
2 YEARS	— 15 9	3 18 9	7 17 6
3 YEARS	— 16 3	4 1 3	8 2 6
4 YEARS	— 16 9	4 3 9	8 7 6
5 YEARS	— 17 6	4 7 6	8 15 0
6 YEARS	— 18 0	4 10 0	9 0 0
7 YEARS	— 18 6	4 12 6	9 5 0
8 YEARS	— 19 0	4 15 0	9 10 0
9 YEARS	— 19 6	4 17 6	9 15 0
10 YEARS	1 0 6	5 2 6	10 5 0

VALUE AFTER	50 Certificates cost £37 . 10s.	100 Certificates cost £75
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1 YEAR	38 2 6	76 5 0
2 YEARS	39 7 6	78 15 0
3 YEARS	40 12 6	81 5 0
4 YEARS	41 17 6	83 15 0
5 YEARS	43 15 0	87 10 0
6 YEARS	45 0 0	90 0 0
7 YEARS	46 5 0	92 10 0
8 YEARS	47 10 0	95 0 0
9 YEARS	48 15 0	97 10 0
10 YEARS	51 5 0	102 10 0

Study this little table carefully. It shows you clearly how profitable it is for you to save all you can and lend it as early as you can to the Government. You pay no Income Tax on these Certificates.

Each Certificate costs 15/- and, as you see, grows in value to 17/6 in five years and 20/6 in ten years. You thus secure a rate of interest averaging £3.3.5 per cent over the ten-year period, and no Income Tax to pay on it. The maximum number of Certificates any person can hold is 500. Certificates may be cashed at any time, with accrued interest after the first year.

Obtain them at your Post Office or Bank, or through any National Savings Group.

3% DEFENCE BONDS. £5 and multiples of £5. Income Tax not deducted at source. Maximum holding £1,000.

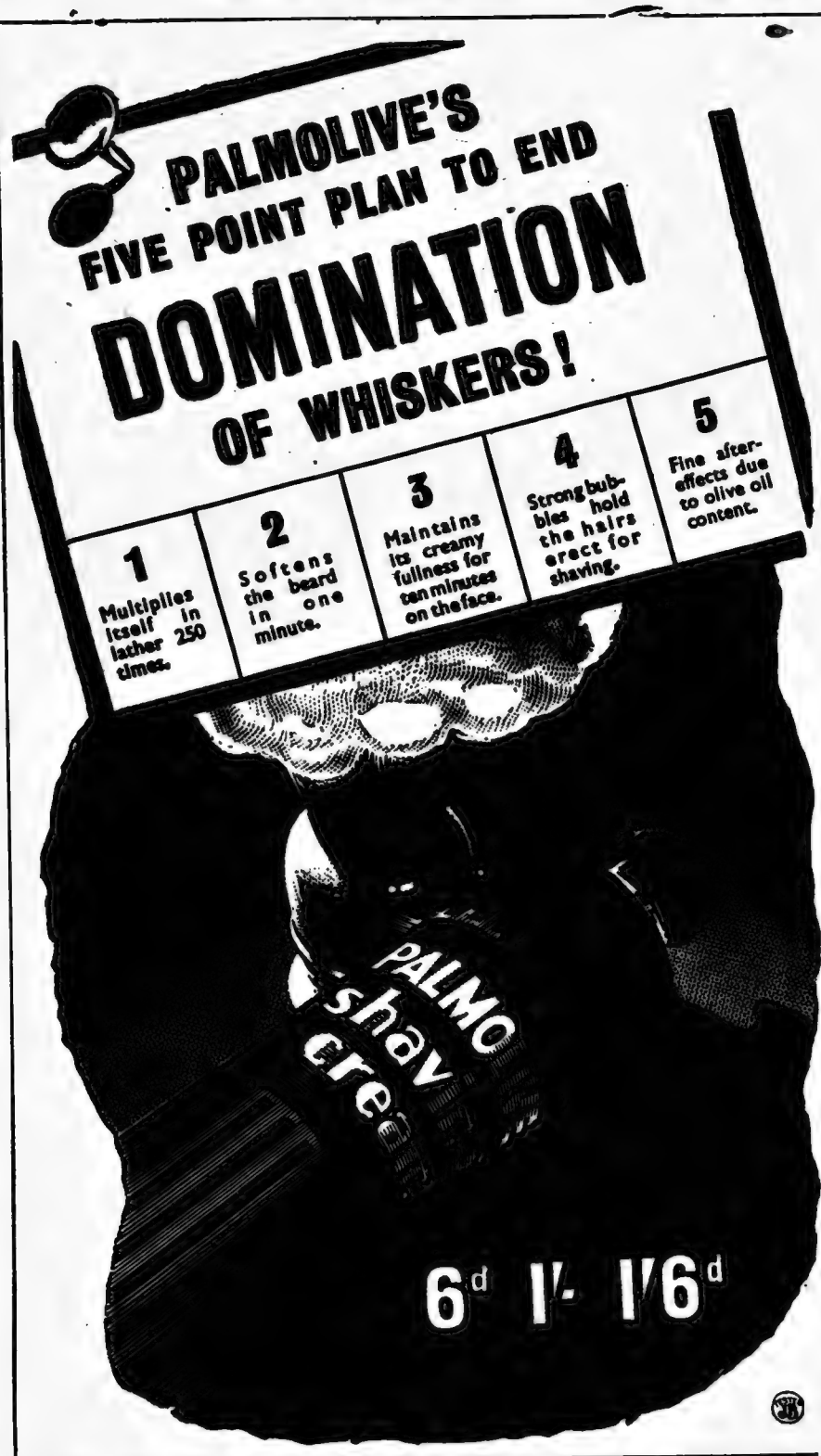
YOUR POST OFFICE OR TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANK. You may deposit any sum from 1/- upwards with annual limit of £500. Interest 2½% per annum.

To Employers and Employees.

Has a National Savings Group been formed in your Office, Works or Shop? If not, write at once to the National Savings Committee, London, S.W.1. Savings Groups provide the best and easiest method of accumulating weekly savings.

Lend to defend the right to be free

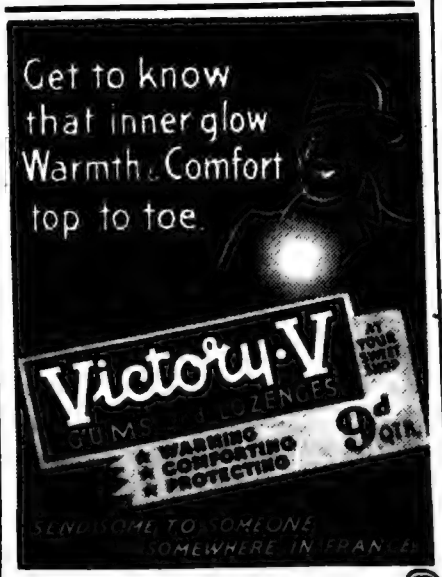
ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE S1



CIRCULATORY DISORDERS.

A Free Offer.

★ A GENEROUS sample of Elasto, a remedy for circulatory disorders and kindred ailments, is offered on the Back Cover. This, together with a special free booklet explaining all about Elasto and how it assists in restoring elasticity to relaxed and devitalised veins, will also be sent to those readers who turn to the Back Cover and fill in the Free Coupon.



HUMANIST can help you, too!

THERE are times when even the terrible tortures devised by Thomas de Torquemada, the Spanish Inquisitor, seem a trifle too benevolent for the malice-mongers who delight in involving innocent persons in imaginary scandals.

Gossips indulge in their horrid sport for fifty-two weeks of every year, and in war time they find plenty of extra opportunities for causing mischief.

It is time that a close season was enforced.

My vehemence is caused by a letter from a reader whose wife has fallen foul of the mischief-making tongues in the village in which they live.

"When we moved into the country from the town two years ago, we knew that village gossip was proverbial," he says, "and as townspeople we were content to be cold-shouldered and criticised.

"We didn't worry much about our loneliness. We were sufficient unto ourselves.

"Then came the war. As a reservist I was called for training last August. A few weeks later my wife's brother, also a soldier, was granted leave before he left for overseas service. Having no home of his own, he spent his forty-eight hours with his sister—my wife.

"When I went home on leave a few weeks ago, my wife was distracted by the gossip. The village accuses her of having a man staying with her while I was away!

"My wife is expecting a baby in two or three months' time; the gossips are saying that the other man is the father.

"I would close the house and send my wife away if I could afford to maintain two homes.

"I tried to stop the gossip while I was home, but I seem to have done no good. My wife is all but a nervous wreck.

"What can I do to make things easier for my wife? It is bad enough having to leave her at all in the circumstances without having to worry over the evil things that exist only in the minds of these gossips."

Habitual gossips delight in always thinking the worst, and in many villages a man cannot speak to a woman without being suspected of secret passion.

Many picturesque old English villages, famed as beauty spots, are the homes of unclean minds that would disgrace the worst slums of a city's underworld.

If my soldier reader had made a few friends, trouble might have been avoided.

He could have prepared the way for the visit of the wife's brother, and his wife could have introduced him. Yet it seems wrong that such action is necessary in so-called civilised society.

No doubt the family's aloofness was resented and the scandal was accepted the more greedily.

If one of the mischief-makers can be caught and witnesses secured, the case can be taken to court. Otherwise it must be ignored.

I HAVE heard of vicars speaking sternly about such malicious stories in their sermons, and I have no doubt they did good.

I cannot help feeling sympathy for the maligned wife, left alone to "face the music." At a time such as this she ought to be happy and care-free, but the poor woman hardly dares to venture out of the house.

That is the worst of being friendless.

And now I have a problem about which I would like your opinions.

It involves thrift, always a difficult question for people with little to spend. For there always comes a time when the drudgery of hanging on to every penny, economising at every turn, becomes terribly monotonous and even the miser feels it would be a relief to make a "splash."

The problem has been raised again by a reader who after nine years of married life is at last able to save money. He has a little nest-egg in the bank, and there is no longer one week's wages between himself and poverty.

"I am not earning more," he says, "My income is the same as it was five years ago. The difference is that my wife and I decided on a policy of saving.

"I was the prime mover in the scheme. I won't worry you with details of how we economised. It is sufficient that in innumerable ways we contrived to save odd sixpences and shillings. Even coppers.

Men dwell happily together in this sylvan setting, but "many picturesque old English villages, famed as beauty spots, are disgraced by the unclean minds" of the inhabitants

"But my wife is gradually losing her enthusiasm, and she has changed since the novelty wore off. Instead of telling me what we can do without, she is always reminding me of what we can do with!

"Before we were happy together, but now she says that I am mean, and she says it as though she meant it. I wonder whether she is right?

"I am mighty glad about the cash in the bank, but I am now wondering whether this economy is worth while."

A good many other men are in a similar position to-day. They want to save for the rainy day, their wives want to splash! Sometimes it is often the other way about, the spendthrift husband and the careful wife.

Virtue seems to lie midway between the two. Spend money unnecessarily and you are a prodigal. Save too carefully and you are a miser.

Economists themselves don't help us much. One authority advises people to spend freely to keep the wheels of industry turning; another advises that we should save every farthing.

It often happens that a man's investments quietly melt away so that his £1,000 becomes only £400. He cannot help wishing then that he had allowed his wife to buy what she wanted.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer tells us to save for all we are worth, but in so doing man and wife must co-operate.

It will be a pity if we can only win the war abroad by having continual feuds in our homes.

Actually, the solution of every man's problem lies in the excellent apostolic advice: "Let your moderation be known unto all men."

AN eighteen-year-old girl has written pleading that I should help her with a problem that seems likely to rob her of the love of a young man whom she adores. She has all my sympathy.

"I am driving him away with my terrible tempers," she says, "and when I am not plagued by irritating anger, I am half crazy with excitement, bubbling over with an unnatural exuberance that must be most annoying to my companion.

"My moods were so exacting that last year we tried to put an end to our friendship and I went out with another boy all summer. But I still wanted to spend my time with my first love.

"We met again in September and decided to become friends again. For a time I was content and my moods disappeared. Now I am returning to my old bad habits. I love the boy more than anything else in the world, yet I fly into dreadful tempers when I am with him. He is most patient and never loses his temper.

"I argue about things that are long past and worry over the smallest things. I shall lose him through behaving in this way, yet I love him so much that I am desperate."

VIOLENT temper has ruined many friendships—and many marriages, too—but most young men rather enjoy the company of girls who can be exuberant.

The girl is always in a state of intense emotion, either in a rage or talking excitable nonsense. Apparently she can never be calm. She lacks stability and balance. She is always at one extreme or the other.

She explains that her daily work is monotonous, and as she has an invalid mother probably the life she is living may account for her trouble.

Her wild spirits are a reaction against the drudgery of daily existence. She has to "bottle things up" so much that she explodes.

Her worrying over trifles seems to confirm this explanation, and I think the young man ought to show a little understanding.

If the girl were living a more normal life at home and at work, she would probably be less inclined to "blow up."

She and her man would then have more serenity in their courtship, and they would have some of those quiet times so important to young lovers.

● HUMANIST devotes this page each week to helping "John Bull" readers with their problems. He asks that you should seek his help if you are perplexed. There are few difficulties that prove insurmountable to his deep knowledge of human affairs. So write to him. He will not only advise you but also pay a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page. Send your appeal, enclosing a stamped envelope, to Humanist, "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

In 15 minutes revive

your spirits!

10 drops of Phosferine work wonders when you're feeling weak and tired. In fifteen minutes you feel the good effect of a dose of Phosferine—and each succeeding dose will give you strength to carry on. Phosferine puts back what you have taken out of yourself—energy and vitality. Start taking Phosferine to-day.

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-.

From all Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

—for—	—for—	—for—
Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anæmia
Indigestion	Influenza	Debility
Brain Fag	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

MAKE YOUR OWN COUGH MIXTURE

A NEW RECIPE

No other remedy gives quicker relief in the case of Coughs and Colds than this simple recipe, which can be made at home very easily.

Buy from your chemist 1 ounce of Parmint (Double Strength) Concentrated Essences. Then make a syrup by dissolving 3 to 4 ounces of granulated sugar in half a pint of hot water (not boiling). When cool add to this syrup the one ounce of Parmint Concentrate and shake well. Dosage is one tablespoonful for adults, one dessertspoonful for children 8-12 years, one teaspoonful for children 4-7 years, to be taken four times a day.

From the first dose you feel relief, the cough is checked, and it clears the stuffed-up passages of the nose, throat and chest like magic. It is particularly good for children because they love its pleasant taste.

To make this perfectly

you must use BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

Economical Raisin Pudding

8 oz. plain flour; 4 oz. suet; 2 rounded teaspoons Borwick's; pinch salt; 4 oz. raisins; 2 tablespoons golden syrup; ½ pint milk.

Mix all the dry ingredients. Add finely chopped suet and stoned raisins. Then the syrup and milk, beating till smooth. Pour into greased basin, cover with greased paper and boil 3 hours. Serve with white sauce.

SAVES EGGS SAVES FAT

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

The Best in the World

3d/40

WHO'D SELL A FARM AND GO TO SEA?

"COMING on thick again—haven't had my clothes off for fifty-six hours—just an hour or two's shut-eye on the chart-room settee. Better slow her down a few revolutions, we're getting too close to our next ahead. Meals half-cold, too, bolted off the top of the signal locker. Doesn't do you any good. No good at all. Plays the devil with your inside. When this convoy gets in I'm off ashore like two men and a boy. Off to the nearest chemist's. I'm going back on Kruschen."

WHY KRUSCHEN HAS COME INTO ITS OWN

Kruschen keeps your blood clear of toxic poisons by ensuring a sufficient supply of moisture in the lower bowel. This is done by the action of six separate mineral salts which Kruschen contains, each in its scrupulously accurate proportion.

Once your bloodstream is clear of filthy toxic poisons, set up by constipation, the symptoms of poisoning disappear. Ugly spots and pimples vanish, your eye is clear and bright, and your brain works quickly and clearly. And, as a natural consequence of improved health, your spirits rise. You are cheerful and optimistic, which, again, makes people like you better. Once again life becomes really worth living.

And the price of all this? Just a daily pinch of Kruschen, which ensures natural bowel action. *Kruschen is not habit-forming.* It is not expensive. And yet it can give you new health and an entirely new outlook on life. *You can get Kruschen from all chemists, 6d., 1/- and 1/9.*

"Go back to Kruschen for the duration"

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 31.

MY FRUITY FLAVOUR MAKES WAR'FARE' BREAKFASTS APPETIZING

SAYS Master Okay —the Saucy Boy.

Prices as usual
At all good Stores

MASON'S O.K THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

Send him a 'Ten Bob' Parcel!

CIGARETTES & TOBACCO for H. M. FORCES in FRANCE

DUTY FREE

(Prices also apply to certain ships of H.M. Navy.)

Even if he's missing home comforts, see that he doesn't miss his favourite smoke. Maybe it's a cigarette, maybe it's his pipe; or perhaps he enjoys both.

Then send him one of these 10/- parcels—STANDARD BRANDS—brands he knows—and you know.

370 CIGARETTES Wills' Gold Flake or Player's Navy Cut Medium or Capstan Navy Cut Medium **10/-**

550 CIGARETTES Wild Woodbines or Player's "Weights" **10/-**

1 lb. Player's Navy Cut Tobacco and **100** Waverley Cigarettes **10/-**

1 lb. St. Bruno Tobacco and **240** Wild Woodbine Cigarettes **10/-**

½ lb. Wills' Cut Golden Bar Tobacco and **240** Capstan Navy Cut Cigarettes **10/-**

THANKS!

Through all high-class Tobacconists

Send for List of Parcels, 3/- and upwards

BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO Co LTD
FIELD FORCE DEPT.
Dean Stanley Street, London, S.W.1
Remittance in full must accompany all orders.

How to WIN YOUR WAR against wrinkles and tired skin

WOMEN war workers—you who are doing your duty to the nation—don't neglect your duty to yourself—to your sweethearts and husbands. It's a duty to take care of your skin—to look *young*. Out in all weathers—cold, wind and rain—more than ever to-day you need this Skin Specialist's advice to keep your skin soft, fresh, unlined and young.

A new precious extract of skin cells—just like the vital elements in the skin of any healthy girl of 18, has been discovered by a famous Doctor. This extract, called "Biocel", is now contained in Tokalon Rose Skinfood. Apply it every night. Every minute while you sleep your skin absorbs these vital elements. Every morning when you wake up your skin is clearer, fresher, smoother—YOUNGER. During the day use Crème Tokalon White (vanishing non-greasy). By this simple treatment any woman can make herself look ten years younger. Have a marvellous skin and complexion of which any young girl would be proud. Do not confuse Crème Tokalon with ordinary face creams which contain no skinfood ingredients. With Crème Tokalon Skinfoods successful results are positively guaranteed or money refunded.

By special arrangement any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing new Tokalon Skinfood Creams—Rose for the night, White for the day. It also contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of Latest Paris shades. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 422), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

This delicious

CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

BROOKLAX

Reg'd. Brand

Banishes CONSTIPATION Overnight

It is British!

2d 6d 1/3

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

Reader's War Time Story by R. Barton, of Haverstock Hill, N.W.3 *who receives the usual five guineas*

"The sight of the strange man was too much for Miss Roberts. She pointed at him and began to scream crazily"

★ AIR-RAID ROMANCE

THERE was nothing wrong with Harry except bashfulness. A better pal and a keener engineer you would not find in a week's march; and even his bashfulness was only manifested in the presence of the opposite sex.

We used to kid Harry about this in the old days when we both worked in the big Plant in the North of England town from which we both came to London to take jobs in an engineering works in the outer suburbs.

We shared "digs" until Harry brought his widowed mother and young sister from Lancashire and installed the family in a neat flat in South London.

I found new "digs" in Hampstead, but we still saw a lot of each other in our spare time.

HARRY was about thirty, yet he had never even taken a girl to a cinema.

He was a cheery, talkative chap when among his friends and work-mates, but the minute a girl came along he was tongue-tied and ill at ease.

In vain did I try to persuade him to come with us to dances or club socials. Eventually I gave it up.

Our factory had been working at top pressure all summer, and we didn't see much of each other, but on the Sunday war was declared Harry telephoned to suggest that we might meet at about eight and have a pot of beer together.

So we met in my "local" and compared notes.

Harry was his old, cheery self, and when closing time came he came round to my rooms for a cup of tea.

We spent so much time chattering that he missed his last 'bus for Brixton.

But that didn't worry us.

We had converted a basement room in our house into a refuge room, banked sandbags against the window and shored up the ceiling. And the furniture included a comfortable settee.

So in the early morning Harry went down there with some blankets and a spare pillow.

Then, as you will all remember, came the air raid alarm.

Wakened by the warbling note, I dashed from my ground floor room to the top of the house, banging on every door, rousing tenants who had not awakened, telling them to get their gas-masks and go down to the shelter.

The last door at which I knocked was that of little Miss Roberts, the girl typist who occupied a tiny cubby-hole of a room on the attic floor.

She was a timid, mousy little person, but by no means difficult to look at. Yet we had never exchanged more than a casual "Good morning" or "Good evening," because she seemed as bashful as Harry.

She was badly scared, was little Miss Roberts, and she dashed down stairs after flinging on her dressing-gown and grabbing her gasmask.

She actually got into the shelter ahead of the rest, who had taken more time in putting on their clothes.

SEVEN or eight of them came crushing in right after us.

And there was Harry still slumbering on the settee in the refuge!

All the syrens in the world wouldn't wake that lad up once he got down to it! I grabbed his elbow and he started.

The sight of this strange man was too much for Miss Roberts. She pointed at him and began to scream crazily.

"There's a strange man in here!" she shrieked, and then began to laugh loudly and wildly. Hysteria, of course. This wouldn't do at all. There were other women present, and we didn't want them all to start.

I stood looking at her helplessly, but Harry, who had now put on a few clothes, was equal to the occasion.

He grabbed her hard by the arm and switched her round till she was facing him.

Then he slapped her face.

She went on screaming.

Harry slapped her again, good and hard, on the other cheek.

This time it worked.

Little Miss Roberts quietened down and sat on the settee, sobbing softly.

Harry sat on the settee too, and the next minute Miss Roberts had laid her head on his shoulder and went on with her sobbing more comfortably.

I STARED.

Harry didn't seem a bit embarrassed.

Gently he laid his powerful arm across her shoulder, settling her into a yet easier position, and then held it round her, calmly letting her rest there until her crying fit was over.

Well, eventually the all-clear sounded.

The women made tea for us all, and Harry brought a steaming cup to Miss Roberts.

The two of them sat in a corner of the refuge quietly chatting.

I went back to bed then; so did everyone else.

Harry settled down again in the refuge room.

When I went down for Harry at 7.30 I found him already washed and dressed, even though he was on a late shift and didn't have to go to work early.

I suggested, however, that he might walk down with me to the 'bus stop. We could go part of the way together, if he were returning home to Brixton.

"Sorry, Bob," he said rather diffidently, "but I promised I'd see Miss Roberts to her office in the City this morning. She may still be a bit nervous, you know. . . ."

That was two months ago.

Last week there was a "quiet wedding" in Brixton, at which I was best man.

The two most bashful people I have ever known were married, and they owe their happiness to the strangest of match-makers, the air raid alarm.

I went to see them the other day and said to the young wife, "Well, you must be the first woman whose husband hit her before he spoke to her."

She smiled happily.

"Thrice blessed is he who gets his blow in first," she quoted.

FIVE GUINEAS FOR YOUR WAR STORY

War has brought adventure into the most prosaic lives.

JOHN BULL is eager to reveal these stories of wartime thrills, and offers five guineas for every reader's story published.

Told in a thousand words, the story MUST be about this war. Send it to "Readers' Stories," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

Mystery Solution

(See page 22)

THE presence of Giles' footprint in the tyre track showed Connolly that the caretaker had been roaming around the yard while the lorries were leaving with the stolen petrol.

Since the footprint was lying in the tyre track it showed that Giles must have left the impression after that particular lorry left.

Since a portion of the footprint was blotted out by the wheels of the last lorry to leave, the footprint must have been made while the robbery was in progress.

Giles confessed that he had been working for a garage owner, who had taken his own steps to overcome petrol rationing.

ACID STOMACH

WIND, PAIN AND NAUSEA INSTANTLY RELIEVED

It is a remarkable fact that the entire medical profession regards 'Milk of Magnesia' as the ideal remedy for acid stomach. Doctors know that 'Milk of Magnesia' is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the system and its alkalizing effect is instantaneous. Acidity, wind, heartburn, nausea and indigestion vanish in a marvellous manner on taking 'Milk of Magnesia.' The stomach is soothed and strengthened and digestion is able to proceed in comfort. That sick, sour feeling and headache, caused by too much food, drink, smoke—'Milk of Magnesia' dispels like magic. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' and try it to-day; you'll be delighted. 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

SMOKE LLOYDS'

Bondman

- THE COOLEST TOBACCO OF ALL

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA
A fine quality rich Virginia tobacco from the world's most famous plantations. Burns slowly to the last shred. Famous at home and abroad as the coolest smoke of all.
BONDMAN
Rich Dark Virginia
RICHARD LLOYD & SONS LONDON
EMPIRE BLEND
The outstanding example of the wonderfully improved tobacco that Empire growers are now sending to Britain. Bondman quality, Bondman coolness—at an Empire price.
LLOYDS
EMPIRE BLEND
RICHARD LLOYD & SONS LONDON

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA

1/2½D PER OZ. VACUUM TINS

ALSO 1/- PACKETS

EMPIRE BLEND 1/1D PER OZ. VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1

200

Excuse me— to keep fresh and fit Inner Cleanliness comes first!

FOLLOW the simple health rule of daily Inner Cleanliness. Then, not only will you keep fresh and look your best, but you'll feel fitter physically and mentally. From the moment you drink your tonic sparkling glass of Andrews, your Inner Cleanliness begins. See how Andrews does its purifying work:

FIRST—Andrews cleans the tongue and mouth.

NEXT—Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN—Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY—To complete your Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the bowels. It sweeps away trouble-making poisons and purifies the blood.

Take Andrews regularly—as often as you need it. It makes you fit and keeps you fit. 9d. and 1/4

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

(89c)

"FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION RESULT

In the above Competition which appeared in the December 23 issue of "John Bull" correct solutions were received from several Competitors, who in each Section share the award of £20 offered on each of the Five Sections.

SECTION 1.
A (4), B (3), C (1), D (7), E (2), F (6), G (5).
53 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 2.
A (1), B (5), C (3), D (2), E (4), F (6), G (7).
51 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 3.
A (1), B (3), C (6), D (2), E (7), F (4), G (5).
78 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 4.
A (3), B (5), C (7), D (4), E (1), F (2), G (6).
45 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 5.
A (3), B (7), C (4), D (1), E (6), F (2), G (5).
19 winners share prize of £20.

Full list of the names and addresses of the winners can be seen at "John Bull" offices. All have been notified and cheques or postal orders have been dispatched.

To Stop a Feverish

COLD OR CHILL

Always Remember Phensic

If your Temperature reaches 99° or over . . .

TAKE CARE! Never, never shut your eyes to a rise in temperature. You could have no clearer sign that something is wrong. Your rule should be, whenever you feel the onset of a feverish cold or chill, KEEP WARM and TAKE TWO TABLETS OF PHENSIC.

Here are the facts about the 4 ingredients which give PHENSIC its unique tonic-power: (1) Prevents growth of 'Flu and Cold germs, brings down temperature. (2) Helps elimination of 'Flu and Cold poisons via the kidneys. (3) Swiftly stops pain. (4) Soothes jumpy nerves, prevents after-weakness. Millions of homes rely on Phensic. Supplies at your Chemist: 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

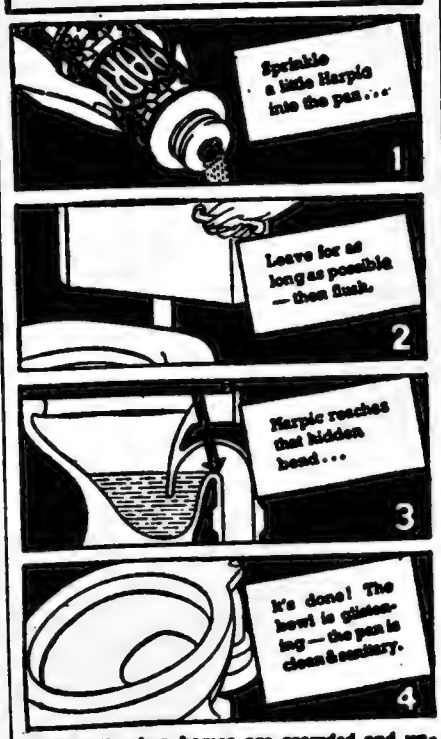
Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand

Quickest and Safest for COLDS and INFLUENZA

Quick, easy, thorough way

TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY


Sprinkle a little Harpic into the pan...
1
Leave for as long as possible—then flush.
2
Harpic reaches that hidden head...
3
It's done! The bowl is glistening—the pan is clean & sanitary.
4

TODAY, when homes are crowded and unexpected work has to be done, the quick, simple, effective action of Harpic is of special value to every housewife. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It cleans, disinfects and deodorises, leaves the bowl glistening. Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

DURING TEETHING

-keep Baby Happy,

with FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS

HAPPY BABY—HAPPY MOTHER
Best and safest for Children cutting their teeth. Contain nothing injurious to a tender babe.
WRITE FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS'—EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" to:—

SOLD IN BOXES—1/3 & 3/- also 1" each or 2 for 1½"

INSIST ON FENNINGS'

OVER 70 YEARS REPUTATION

ALFRED FENNINGS COWES Isle of Wight

PILES

Are Wonderfully Relieved by Zam-Buk

"I got no peace from the pain and itching of piles. It was agony to walk about and many a night I hardly had any sleep. But when I used Zam-Buk this grand ointment was wonderfully soothing. It also ended the piles and made life worth living again," Mrs. A. O., Weybridge.

Why put up with piles and the constant pain, itching, swelling and that miserable dragging sensation? Use Zam-Buk Ointment, which has earned the gratitude of thousands of piles sufferers for the wonderful relief it has brought.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk soothe and heal inflamed tissues, subdue pain and smarting, restrain bleeding and gradually remove the piles. Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing serious complications. Use Zam-Buk regularly and soon be on the way to a cure. 1/3 and 3/- a box.

for Inward PILES

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they soothe and cure while you sleep.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

The DANCING SHADOW

● Continuing his brilliant series of fight stories, "Giants of the Ring," A. W. HELLIWELL describes a fistic freak who used the Great White Way as a gymnasium.

He stopped the traffic of Broadway while he gave an extraordinary display of shadow boxing in the middle of the road

THE roar of Broadway traffic was stilled. Hats were doffed and heads were bowed as the citizens of Manhattan silently watched the long funeral procession.

The coffin, glittering magnificently with brass, piled high with floral tributes, rested on the shoulders of "Gentleman Jim" Corbett, Tex Rickard and other great sportsmen.

Slowly they paced the Great White Way. It was the last journey of Albert Griffiths, known to the fight "fans" as Young Griffo. He was mourned by a vast company of those who had fought with him, drunk with him, laughed with him, or merely wondered at his amazing skill.

Long before the United States was dazzled by the splendour of the first gangster funeral, New York gave Young Griffo a burial that was the talk of the town.

Every prominent sporting figure in the country was there. A fortune was spent on wreaths. Streets were lined with silent crowds.

All in honour of a stocky little fellow who could not sign his own name and had started out in life selling newspapers in Sydney!

No gallery of great pugilists would be complete without him. Never since has there been an equal to this pocket Hercules who successfully gave weight away to the stars of Australia and America despite his almost dwarf-like stature.

They called him "Dancing Shadow." His bewildering speed and uncanny quickness of eye made him as difficult to nail as a ghost.

His sight was superhuman.

He could catch flies between his thumb and forefinger, let them go, and catch them again in a split second.

He could do this time and time again, so perfectly attuned were eye, mind and muscle!

This almost freakish attribute was the secret of his success. He possessed nothing sensational in the way of a punch, but was always a split second ahead of the other fellow.

FOR all his brilliance in the ring, he was little more than a fighting machine. Once he stepped outside the ropes he left the whole store of his knowledge behind him. *He could not sign his own name, tell the time, or read the simplest sentence. He did not even know his age!*

Yet Griffiths could not be blamed. He was raised in a rough school and had to fend for himself from the age of ten.

He was born "on the rocks" of Sydney, the city's tough slum quarter, and he was using his fists in keeping other newsboys off his pitch when he should have been learning reading, writing and arithmetic.

You will not find Albert Griffiths among the champions, because he was too fond of liquor and too lazy to train.

Even so, the number of his defeats in nearly twenty years of fighting can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

WHEN Griffo was matched with Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, he was found owlishly drunk in a Chicago saloon a few hours before he was due in the ring.

His manager hurried him to a Turkish bath, where he was rushed between the hot and cold rooms. Even after this drastic treatment, Griffo was still pie-eyed when he crawled through the ropes.

As the news went round all the gamblers were trying to back the Irish boy, but the astonishing little Australian upset every calculation by giving Weir a thrashing.

Even in his cups, his sense of distance and timing never deserted Griffo. On two occasions his opponents tore off their gloves in exasperation at their inability to land a punch.

Brave as a cat, Griffo even had the audacity to challenge Dan Creedon.

Creedon, eleven stones of bone and muscle, was one of the hardest hitters of the day, but Griffo's backers refused to admit that even he could nail the "Dancing Shadow."

So the diminutive feather-weight was set against the husky New Zealander. He was giving away more than three stones, and many inches in height and reach, but he danced around Creedon without turning a hair.

Having nothing to fear from the blows of such a David, Big Dan went out for a "kill" but he was helpless against this bewildering fistic freak.

He swung terrific punches from every angle, but his big fists only fanned the air. Meanwhile Griffo raked him with a tongue as cruel and nimble as his fists.

Griffo loved to tease his opponents, and even carried on long aside conversations with ringside spectators.

"COME on, Dan," he grinned. "Why don't yer 'it me? Missed again; I don't believe yer could punch yer way out of a blooming paper bag!"

So he went on until Creedon was almost blind with rage.

Only once in the eight rounds did Creedon do any damage, and that was towards the end when Griffo, over-confident, ducked a little too late and took a smashing right swing on the ear.

He went down only to bob up immediately with an ear that swelled up like a mushroom, a painful souvenir he was to wear the rest of his life.

Generous to a fault, a ready spender who would dig down into his pocket and give his last sovereign away, Griffo was one of the most popular fighters of his day.

Among his few enemies was Australian Billy Murphy whom he licked decisively three times.

Murphy made no secret of his hatred, and once when Griffo was fighting an American feather-weight, Billy stood by the ropes maintaining a running fire of taunts.

For a time Griffo fought in silence.

Then, taking the offensive, he forced the American back to the ropes above Murphy.

"You and me is matched for a go next week, Billy," he called.

Then he cut loose, and as his flying fists smacked home, he added a comment for every vicious punch.

"'Ow's that fer a right-'ander ter the jaw, Billy?" he called. "See 'is blinkin' 'ead rock? Watch this 'ere josser bleed, Billy. I'll do worse than this fer you next week."

And so he did, smashing the unfortunate Murphy round the ring through ten one-sided rounds until he was so badly battered that his own mother would have had difficulty in recognising him.

Towards the end of his career Griffo fell more and more beneath the spell of sparkling wine, and took to spending most of his time in the saloons and taverns of Manhattan.

Once he staggered out of a bar in which he had been drinking and stopped the traffic of Broadway while he gave an extraordinary display of shadow boxing and footwork in the middle of the road!

On another occasion he took off his boots and socks and presented them to the astonished bartender. Then he walked out into the street in his bare feet, solemnly mounted a shoe-black's stand and ordered the round-eyed coloured boy to give him a shine!

Your Last Chance!

SO great has been the demand for JOHN BULL'S great book, "The Marvels and Mysteries of Science," that the offer must now be withdrawn.

Turn at once to the final reservation forms on page 2.

To preserve her good health
Mother's Mother takes Beechams Pills
Millions of the cheeriest folk take Beechams Pills regularly. No wonder they keep free from sick headaches and digestive upsets. Take them yourself. Beechams Pills are purely vegetable, gentle, natural, effective, reliable. Obtainable everywhere.
BEECHAMS PILLS
ST. HELENS
Worth a Guinea a Box

BACKACHE

Urinary Disorders
Rheumatic Pains
are common signs of

Weak Kidneys

"Every Picture tells a Story"

STRONG, healthy kidney action is vitally important to all during these anxious days. Work becomes hard if the kidney filters are weak or congested and fail to relieve the blood of surplus water and harmful wastes.

Don't neglect the warning symptoms! Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills! This up-to-date kidney medicine strengthens, invigorates and flushes out the kidneys so that they effectively purify your blood and give you permanent relief from pain. Thousands of men and women have thanked Doans Pills for recovery from backache, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, getting up at nights, swollen ankles and limbs, dizzy attacks, lumbago and other kidney ailments.

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Ask your Chemist for

DOANS
Backache Kidney Pills

WE ARE LOOKING FOR 500 ASTHMATIC READERS

As extraordinary as it may seem, we require the names and addresses of 500 Asthmatics. So certain are we of the unequalled effect of Do-Do Asthma Tablets, we have decided to offer 500 Test Supplies to the readers of "John Bull" alone.

500 Asthmatics, therefore, will have the opportunity of verifying free of charge and at our expense the marvellous results obtained from Do-Do Tablets, which have the power to cut short a severe Asthma attack in the incredibly short time of 30 seconds!

The amazing power of Do-Do to end a choking spasm in less time than it takes to read these words is due to the marvellous speed with which the tablet breaks up and releases the precious medicaments of which Do-Do is composed—medicaments which are found in no other single Asthma remedy at any price. Every particle has soothing and healing value.

This **FREE** Test Offer is proof positive of how certain we are that Asthmatics who have once used Do-Do will themselves become its most enthusiastic advocates, and will strongly recommend Do-Do to their friends and acquaintances. No Asthmatic reading this appeal should delay in writing for the Free Test Supply—a postcard will do. Address: International Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. J.B. 210, 1-3, Smedley Street, London, S.W.8.

IMPORTANT! This offer is not valid after February 17. To avoid disappointment, write now!

KEEP YOUR TEETH BEAUTIFUL WITH MAGNESIA.

Here is a simple tip for those who wish for whiter teeth. Within a few days from the time you begin this simple blanching treatment your teeth will be distinctly whiter. Your mirror will show it plainly and your friends will notice the improvement. Magnesium Hydroxide is the secret—it causes a certain chemistry in the mouth, and the dullest teeth brighten and whiten under it.

Getting the right brand of Magnesium Hydroxide is important, but is no trouble. It is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid and this can be obtained in a new type of tooth-paste—Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Use this regularly and your teeth will be noticeably whiter. Phillips' Dental Magnesia contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia' and is sold everywhere, 6d., 10½d. and 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

PARCELS TO THE FORCES.

Include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel for 'him' or 'her.' You will be sure to please by this thoughtfulness.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

TAKE COVER

IN every town, in every village, Air Raid Wardens are standing by. Night and day they are on the alert to give warning of approaching raiders. Our coastline bristles with anti-aircraft guns. Our fighting planes are standing by. Air raid shelters are waiting in their hundreds to give protection to thousands. Britain is prepared—are you? Have you taken advantage of "John Bull's" great War time Security offer of

A FREE £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY

underwritten at LLOYD'S
FOR EVERY READER

This generous War time protection would cost you at least £4 4s. in annual premiums if taken out through an insurance company. "John Bull" offers this to you **FREE** as well as Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, BURGLARY, etc. Below are brief details of "John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance:—

AIR RAID BENEFITS

£200 should the Registered Reader and his wife be killed.

£100 for either.

The following Benefits also apply to both husband and wife:

£100 for loss of two limbs.

£100 for loss of sight of both eyes.

£100 for loss of one limb and sight of one eye.

£50 for loss of one limb.

£50 for loss of sight of one eye.

The above benefits will be paid for death or injury as defined caused by any aircraft anywhere in the United Kingdom, including injury caused by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, projectiles or missiles, collapse of buildings, and poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid released by any aircraft.

COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

FIRE up to £1,000. GAS EXPLOSION up to £100. BURST HOT-WATER PIPES up to £100. STORM & FLOOD up to £300. DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING up to £300. DAMAGE TO WIRELESS up to £10. BURGLARY & HOUSEBREAKING up to £500.

You cannot afford to delay in securing this Double Protection which "John Bull" offers you absolutely FREE. Use the forms below NOW.

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Date ____/____/____

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 3/2/1940.

CUT HERE

POST THIS FORM TO

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 3/2/1940

Give him a "John Bull" Pen

There is nothing that he will appreciate more than a "John Bull" pen—a useful and lasting memento that will make writing home a pleasure. Cash the coupons now.

CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, Stiled pocket clip. GUARANTEED 3 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA, incl. Clip. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT, 126-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

VALUE 3d

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE

A grand pipeful

You can afford to be generous to yourself with 'Digger' in your pipe. This fine Empire tobacco gives you a full, rich satisfying smoke and an ounce still shows you change out of a shilling.

11D AN OZ

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

TOBACCOS

FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · PLUG · HONEY-DEW

P.D.77

SKIN DISEASES

Miraculously Cured by HERBAL TREATMENT

Thousands cured during the last 50 years when other treatments have failed. Eczema, Psoriasis and other skin troubles banished like magic. Write for FREE BOOK and convincing testimony.

J. ROBINSON & SONS (BRADFORD), LTD., 11, KUERDEN HOUSE, BRADFORD.

Don't COUGH! Take

VENOS

BRAND LIGHTNING

COUGH CURE

The Family Remedy For

COUGHS, COLDS ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS

Etc., Etc.

Sold Everywhere 1/3 & 3/3 Per Bottle

- 3 Men + 1 Grouse
- A Service Problem
- Vain Church Parade

MAY three young men, recently doing highly skilled engineering work in a motor factory, indulge in a little grumble, which, far from being selfish, is uttered in the national interests?

The war has hit our industry as a "luxury trade."

We were not wanted, but our employers said that our experience would prove invaluable in munition factories.

Yet as we shall be called for military service by the end of this year, munition factories will not engage us, preferring to teach unskilled men who won't know much about their job even when the war ends.

We don't shirk Army service, but we can't see why our skill should be wasted on unemployment queues while our wives go out to work.—Messrs. R. L., B. H., and J. B., Shaw Street, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.

Four Just Diners

FOUR soldiers, returning to France, were refused tea in their railway carriage because "no teas could be served during lunch-hour." They went to the restaurant car, only to be refused again.

Four diners then asked for pots of tea and cakes with their lunch. They handed them to the troops.

Those four diners, who wouldn't allow the soldiers to pay, realised that a dining-car lunch costs a soldier's "fag" bill for a week. Surely railway companies should be equally thoughtful and put up with a little inconvenience for men who are enduring real hardship.—Ex-R.H.A. (1915-18), Oxford Court, Ealing, W.3.

READERS COMPLAIN THAT THERE IS NO BADGE BY WHICH MEMBERS OF THE B.E.F. CAN BE DISTINGUISHED. PEOPLE WOULD LIKE TO GIVE THEM THE WELCOME THEY DESERVE, BUT CAN'T PICK THEM OUT.

Worth Remembering

WHEN people start asking why Germany doesn't start bombing, it is worth recalling that in 1918 only one Allied squadron was equipped for long-distance flying, which meant the machines carried extra petrol for a 3½ hours' flight.

Yet in one year there were 57 bombing raids on chemical works, railway stations and aerodromes in Coblenz, Cologne, Mannheim, Mainz, Stuttgart, Karlsruhe and many other towns.—John Lewis, Green Lane, Shepperton-on-Thames.

The Divorced Wife

A MAN serving in the ranks makes an allotment to his wife and that money is paid to her automatically with the State's contribution.

Can an officer's wife, or similar dependent, get paid under any similar system?

I am the divorced wife of a major who refuses to pay me my alimony. I have written to the Secretary of State about it, but nothing happens.

Commanding officers say they are helpless. Resort to civil justice brings no result.—G. W. E., London, W.3.

DIVORCED WIFE, OR EVEN WIFE, IS POWERLESS, OUR FREE ADVICE SERVICE HAS REPLIED. WIFE'S ALLOWANCE IS PAID DIRECT TO AN OFFICER, BUT HE IS NOT OBLIGED TO HAND IT OVER. HAVE YOU A SERVICE PROBLEM? IF SO, WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT.

On Church Parade

I AM a member of a battalion of infantry in training in the west country. The other day our company marched a hundred strong to church on voluntary church parade.

There are no saints among us, but we are believers. We like the Church, and we like to hear a good sermon.

But the clergyman was ninety at least.

Not one of us heard one word of the prayer or the sermon. Yet this man will have the care of souls in a military district as long as the war lasts.—M. H. B., "Somewhere in England."

Black-Out Fears

NINE people out of every ten who curse the black out most vehemently were born in the light months, from May to September. Winter-born individuals face lighting restrictions philosophically.

Yet Fleming, noted Scottish engineer, January-born, hated darkness, and Oliver Goldsmith, born in November, was actually afraid of it. Try your own friends. Result suggests that the season of birth may have a lasting influence on your attitude towards light and darkness.—Robert Wellas, Grange Road, Woodthorpe, Nottingham.

DOCTORS KNOW NO REASON FOR SUCH A THEORY. ASTROLOGERS WOULD PROBABLY HOLD THE STARS RESPONSIBLE.

25 Years After

ON a tenement building in this town, one of the famous "Kitchener Wants You" posters is still displayed, little the worse for wear despite the 25 years that have elapsed since it was put there.

I wonder whether there are any other "survivors" of the world war of 1914-18.—H. Duncan, Hunter Crescent, Perth.

● This is YOUR PAGE —a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter. Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Think Again!

A SEMI-INVALID, I am unable to buy things for myself. So I sent friends to two post-offices to buy the new 15s. Saving Certificates for me. Each time I was told that Post Office clerks could issue certificates only to people applying in person.

Surely the authorities should think again.—Mrs. E. N. Harrison, Ravenscroft Road, Beckenham, Kent.

IN THE LAST WAR SOLDIERS IN THE LINE COULD BUY WAR LOAN FROM FIELD POST-OFFICES BY GIVING THE MONEY TO THEIR POST ORDERLIES.

☆

INSPIRED by an advertisement in JOHN BULL, I have made three calls at post-offices within the last fortnight to lend money to the State.

Each time I have been rebuffed.

"I am sorry," I have been told, "but we have no certificates yet to issue."

I don't know whether the National Savings Committee is to blame, or whether it is the fault of the Post Office.—R. Edmonds, 15, Cwm Road, Waunllwyd, Mon.

In the Garden

with Richard Sudell

AS peas are the most nutritious of all vegetables and are equivalent to meat in protein value, it is as well to plan now for a succession of crops throughout the summer.

Peas have early and late maturing varieties, and for the first crop select those maturing early.

These are all dwarf varieties and are really the best for the small garden because they do not overshadow other crops and require little staking.

While the foliage is off the trees, secure a supply of twigs and pea boughs. Often there are overhanging branches in the garden that can be lopped and used for this purpose.

Old canes of raspberries can be used for dwarf peas. Failing a supply of pea sticks, support can be given by means of string and stakes.

Peas need plenty of nourishment. After the land has been dug in the ordinary way, take out a trench a foot wide and deep, break the subsoil with a stout fork and work in any decayed vegetable matter or manure that may be available.

A layer of 3 inches of manure or organic matter is sufficient. Replace the soil to within 4 inches of the top of the trench, leaving a shallow wide drill ready for sowing.

Earliest varieties include: The Pilot, Kelvedon Wonder, Little Marvel, Peter Pan and Pioneer. Sow one early row only on warm soils, and delay sowing if your soil is wet and clayey.

Peas are sown in two or three rows, with about 2 inches apart in the bottom of the drill, and should be covered with an inch of soil. Protect from birds with black cotton, or run black cotton through little twigs about a foot high pushed across the rows.

It is too early yet to sow the main crop peas, but trenches can be prepared and left open without filling in the soil, so that the weather action can break the subsoil.

All peas appreciate lime in the soil, which is best dusted along the trench before sowing.

A pint of seed is sufficient for a 60-ft. row.

Millions are doing it the 'Steradent' way!

Everybody is enthusiastic after they have tried this modern method of cleaning false teeth. It's so *easy* and so *effective*. You merely leave your dentures in 'Steradent' solution overnight or while you dress. 'Steradent' cleans every crevice, completely removes all film and stain, leaving dentures perfectly clean, wholesome, *and sterilized*. No wonder new 'Steradent' users are enthusiastic. No wonder regular 'Steradent' users number millions. Why not let 'Steradent' do the cleaning for you?

Obtainable from all chemists in 1/- and 1/9d. tins.

HOW TO DO IT
Half tumbler warm water. 'Steradent'—the cap of the tin full. STIR. Steep dentures overnight or 20 minutes. Rinse well under the tap.

Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Steradent Ltd., Hull and London

My Mother Knew

De Witts Pills for BACKACHE

"I suffered severe back pains, weakness, dizzy turns and joint pains. I tried everything without result. Then my mother told me to try De Witts Pills, as she had obtained great relief from them. I noticed an improvement after a few doses, and now am in perfect health."

Mrs. R. N.

Because they are made specially for kidney troubles, women find De Witts Pills give speedy relief. In 24 hours after the first dose, the changed colour of the urine proves their direct action on the kidneys. With kidneys restored to health, backache and other pains cease. Take De Witts Pills to-night. The quick relief you experience to-morrow will become permanent benefit.

DE WITTS PILLS for Kidney and Bladder

end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, prices 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

SMALL TRADERS, ETC.

BE YOUR OWN MASTER. Sell Drapery Bargains at a fair profit. Silk Stockings, Men's Socks and Children's Wear. 1,000 Bargains. A.B.C. Guide Free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY.—120 asstd. articles 10/-, 42 cups, ers., 4/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St.Pottery, 9 Buralem.

SONGSTER GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES, scientifically made. Perfect reproduction. Minimum wear on records. 200 for 6d. Bronze pick-ups for Radios, 6d. per 100.

SELL from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers, Traders and Beginners should write to Dept. J. B., The Houndsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, every kind. BAZAAR GOODS. TOYS. FANCY GOODS, etc. 144-page Catalogue free.—May (123), Birmingham.

BARGAIN SALES.

NU-LITE economy night lights burn 250 hours for 1d. 6d., post free. Also wax 8-hour, 5 - 6 dozen.—Allied Chemical Products, 1b, Parr Road, East Ham E.6.

WALLPAPER DIRECT. SEND for patterns post free from WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks.—List J.B. 1885 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, GUITARS, UKULELE-BANJOS. JAZZ OUTFITS. TRUMPETS, MANDOLINS, CONCERTINAS.—Lists, Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich.

PEDESTRO TORCHES.—Safeguard your life. Complete with bulb and genuine No. 8 battery, 2/9 each, 3 for 7s. 6d., post free.—Dawson, 35, Osborne Street, Grimsby.

MORE BUTTER FOR YOU. Make more butter at home by using Penn's Butter Merger. Requires only half-pint of milk to produce 1 lb. blended butter from 1-lb. ration. This 5-5 money-saver is yours for the small sum of 3/11. See illustrated advt. on page 3.

HAVE YOU LOOKED AT *JOHN BULL'S* SHOP WINDOW ON PAGE 3.

There are all kinds of useful articles offered at bargain prices, and you can order with confidence, knowing that each offer is covered by the *John Bull* guarantee on this page. For instance, GRAVES of Sheffield offer POWERFUL ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANERS for only 6/6 monthly, a boon to any home. Obtain extra warmth for your Greenhouse, Garage or A.R.P. Shelter with the Stockport Distributing Co.'s new FUMELESS HEATER, costing only 10/6, or WARM BLANKETS from Lancashire Products, who make a bonus offer to readers. Special FLEECY WAISTCOATS, suitable for all outside work, A.R.P., A.F.S., etc., offered at 3/11 by Barnes Stores. These are but a few of the many bargains announced in *JOHN BULL'S* SHOP WINDOW.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

YOU will be able to earn more as spare-time agent for us. No risk, no outlay; generous Commission and postages paid. See our announcement on page 3 and be sure to write to-night to BESSANTS, OF LEICESTER.

AN excellent hobby, by which you can make money in 1940. Make new friends and money by running a Littlewood 1/- Club. Without interfering with your work and without risking any capital, a Littlewood Club is a pleasant way of making extra money. Take the first step by getting (1) beautifully illustrated Catalogue of war-time bargains; (2) booklet explaining the easiest way to form and run a Littlewood 1/- Club; (3) complete outfit of stationery, members' cards and forms, etc.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Littlewood's Shilling Clubs, Old Hall Street, Liverpool, 3.

EMPLOYMENT.

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the Police; study at home in your spare time; special courses for entrance and promotion; full particulars or advice about other careers, commercial, technical or Civil Service, free.—Dept. A.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

CIVIL SERVICE POSTS. Entry by Examination has now been suspended. Both sexes who wish for employment in the Civil Service should send for particulars of our War-Time Entrance Service and details of pay and duties in the various branches.—B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

NOW is your chance to get into a Skilled Key Position. Fatherly advice free. Mention what interests you.—Write, P.A. Dept. 38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

CIVIL Service.—Thousands of pensionable appointments made every year, ages 15-24. Our tuition fees from £4 4s. No extra charge for monthly payments. Full particulars free.—Dept. C.38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE 10s. per line.

A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 87-89, Long Acre, London.—W.C.1

ENGINEERS, now is your chance to dig yourselves into a Key Position; make your future solid. It needs Technical Training. We can give you that by post.—Full particulars free: Dept. D.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

MEN who can handle tools, Wood or Metal, Wanted as Teachers of Handicrafts in Boys' Day Schools. Our Correspondence course will fit you for an appointment. Advice free.—Dept. E.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

REPORTERS and journalists Wanted all over the world. No apprenticeship. Our postal course is sufficient.—Dept. J.38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 36-38, Codnor, Derby.

TRACERS & DRAWING OFFICE ASSISTANTS reqd. urgently. Both sexes—all area. Practical experience unnecessary. Those wishing to take up this well-paid work should apply immediately for Free Handbook to B.I.E.T. (Dept. 711), 17, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

TELEPHONY, RADIO & MOTOR ENGINEERING ARE EXPANDING RAPIDLY; there are lots of vacancies; our Postal Courses will make you eligible; advice on all careers free.—Dept. T.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., Sheffield.

POLICE RECRUITS WANTED for permanent, pensionable appointments in various Forces. Good physique important.—Write for Free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

AIR Force.—Young Men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers, etc.; our postal courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address: Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (540D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

MEN OLD AT 40. GET VIGOUR. New Oystrax Brand Tonic Tablets contain RAW OYSTER stimulants, vitamins, general invigorators. First dose starts new life, vigour, vital force. Introductory price ONLY 1/9 a bottle. If not delighted with instant results, maker returns its LOW price. At all chemists; & branches Boots', Timothy White's & Taylors.

CATARRH sufferers are offered a Free Sample of Nostrolene on page 34. Nostrolene clears the head, soothes soreness and kills germs. Try it to-day!

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners —everyone is praising the Improved Pallant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light, yet immensely strong; no understraps, and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured.—Write or call, Blunden's, Dept. 129G, 9, Oxford St., W.1.

ARE you a sampler? Do you respond to advertisements which offer samples? You ought to. It is a way of trying out all kinds of things which you might never know about. Make a habit of answering the advertisements and testing the goods.

CATARRH Sufferers. If you would like a trial bottle of Vick-Vatronol—the new brand nasal drops which end catarrh misery—write, mentioning *John Bull*, to "Vick," 200 Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1, sending 2d. stamp.

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades, also Tokalon Skinfood Creams. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 422M), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.

A FREE sample of Dr. Blosser's Herb Cigarettes to bring comfort and relief to catarrh and asthma sufferers will be sent to readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 P.W.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

CLEAR your bloodstream of toxic poisons set up by constipation with a daily pinch of Kruschen, which you can get at any Chemist's, 6d., 1/- and 1/9. See page 28.

FREE to sufferers from bad circulatory troubles and rheumatism. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Elasto (Dept. 15E), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., for free sample of Elasto and a copy of a special free booklet explaining the Elasto Treatment. Send now while you think of it. See Back Cover.

A FREE TEST offer is made to asthmatics on page 28. 500 test supplies of DoDo Asthma Tablets have been set aside for *John Bull* readers to test the excellent results which this remedy produces to cut short a severe asthma attack. No asthmatic reading this should delay in writing for a trial supply. A postcard will do. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The International Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. J.B.210, 1/3, Smedley Street, London, S.W.4.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

FREE ADVICE ON HOME POULTRY KEEPING.—Eggs are going to be dearer, and everyone should take steps to ensure an adequate supply of eggs—vital food for all the family. Learn how you can secure full egg baskets economically. Apply at once for FREE BROCHURE to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, who will also send you full details of a remarkable money-saving scheme. Send a postcard at once to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, (Dept. J.12), 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GARDENING.

HEALTH and Beauty from your garden.—Write for new Catalogue and Cultural Guide of Vegetable and Flower Seeds free.—Dobbie and Co., Ltd., Seedsmen, Dept. J.B., Edinburgh, 7.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet, REGENT INSTITUTE (101C), Palace Gate, LONDON, W.8.

PRINT AT HOME and Earn Pound Notes. Big Money-making opportunities waiting for you. New Adana Automatic Printing Machine needs no skill and easily operated. Send for Free Book.—D. A. Adana (Dept. J.B.), 17, Church Street, Twickenham.

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS.
Pre-War prices, 56/9 profit on 5/3 board at 2d. per punch. Smpl. 200-hole board 3/9 & illus. cat. BURDON HUNTER, 26, Woodville Road, London, E.11.

A HAPPY baby means a happy mother. An interesting book, "Every Mother's Book," can be obtained free.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, I.O.W. See page 27.

A FLASHING smile that reveals sparkling white teeth is often more important than make-up! Really white teeth are irresistible—they add glamour to your personality. With KOLYNOS your smile, too, can be beautiful. KOLYNOS refreshes your mouth instantly, and, used regularly twice a day, brings new lustre to your teeth, safely and effectively. Try KOLYNOS and prove it for yourself. Of all Chemists and Stores, from 6d. per tube. Also in larger sizes, 1/- and 1/9. See special announcement on the Front Cover of this issue.

NOTE to Employers and Employees! Has a National Savings Group been formed in your office, works or shop? If not, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the National Savings Committee, London, S.W.1.

FIVE important reasons why you should use Palmolive Shaving Cream are given in the announcement on page 23.

DUTY-FREE tobacco and cigarettes for the B.E.F. France. Parcels of 4-Square pure tobacco and/or cigarettes can be obtained from 2/9. Ask your tobacconist for details or write to George Dobie and Son, Ltd., Paisley, Scotland.

HOW TO LEND to help win the war! (1) Buy National Savings Certificates, Free of Income-tax. Price 15/-. Value after 5 years, 17/6. After 10 years, 20/6. Maximum holding, £500 Certificates, including earlier issues. (2) Buy 3 per cent. Defence Bonds, £5 and multiples of £5. Income Tax NOT deducted at source. Maximum holding, £1,000.

HOW to brighten the black-out. Here is an interesting way to spend long black evenings and turning every spare minute into spare cash. Get a G.T.L. home chest and home repairing outfit. With it you can make a thousand and one articles for your home and garden, save pounds by doing your own repairs, and you can add to your income by making articles to sell. No experience needed, as a valuable free instruction book containing over 300 working illustrations is included in every G.T.L. Tool Chest. Readers of this paper who would like to learn more about this home repairing outfit should write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to Guaranteed Tools, Ltd., 13/13, Chiswell Street, London, E.C.1, for beautifully illustrated booklet, together with full particulars of a special price offer.

DUTY-FREE Cigarettes and Tobacco for H.M. Forces in France! Send him a "Tom Bob" Parcel of Standard Brands—Wills' Gold Flake, Players, Capstan, Woodbines or Player's Weights. For Tobaccos, too, include St. Bruno, Waverley, Player's Navy Cut or Wills' Cut Golden Bar. OR a parcel of both cigarettes and tobacco as suggested in the announcement on page 28. Turn to this now. Parcels can be sent through all high-class tobacconists or for further particulars relating to full list of brands and prices write to British-American Tobacco, Ltd., Field Force Dept., Dean Stanley Street, London, S.W.1. Remittance in full must accompany all orders.

Win £20 WEEKLY and £200 CASH FOR LIFE

YOU can be next!

FINE JOHN BULL" X-WORD 1ST PRIZE for £450 LUMP SUM

£100 CASH BETWEEN 1ST RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2ND RUNNERS-UP

ONE WEEK ONLY!

WIN this week's increased Pension-plus-Cash First Prize and life for you will be rosy indeed!

That £200 cash will provide for all your needs of the moment, with a nest-egg for the bank. And 20s. extra cash coming in *every week* will be a perpetual reminder of your wisdom in grasping this big Pension Opportunity.

Begin *now* on the Clues below and win a Life Income!

ACROSS CLUES.

1. There may possibly be certain childish charm about this
2. Size of this often has bearing on use made of it
6. Native of Arabia
9. It would be strange if they didn't have this in big restaurant
11. Wooden ones are still used quite a lot
14. May be spoiled by torrential rains
16. Damning evidence brought to light is almost certain to affect prisoner's
19. Shell is fired from
20. Parents' good taste will probably have great influence on children's
21. Telephone operator might sometimes have trouble in connecting one
22. When one gets this, it's occasionally hard to get bright again

DOWN CLUES.

1. Teaching youngsters this of country may well serve to increase their patriotism
3. Engraved stamp for impressing on wax
4. Hardened criminals have been known to do this quite openly
5. Council should oppose any building scheme which could possibly be called this
7. Player's cunning move on chessboard may well leave opponent this
8. Arranging it carefully will repay radio shopkeeper
10. You'd probably be able to get an old-fashioned one in well-stocked men's outfitters.
12. Host may not be too pleased when guest makes himself one at table
13. It doesn't take very long for two people to make it
15. Temporary break in storm
17. Stage impersonator sometimes does this in surprisingly realistic way
18. This usually has marked curvature

WIN £200 AND A FINE RADIO FREE!

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. Bullets coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Big Cash and Radio Offer, provided it bears the same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 35.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 188th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

HUGE BIRTHDAY OFFER NEXT WEEK!

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, February 22. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize and one other prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 188, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

4 BIG CHEQUES WON
IN CROSSWORD No. 185

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 185, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following four competitors:—

F. R. ALTRIP, 30, Cornwall Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

A. W. EDMONDSON, 9, Hastings Place, Lytham St. Annes, Lancs.

MRS. A. H. WHITE, Pinedene, Old Botley, Bursledon, Southampton.

G. A. WILSON, 38, Haldanes Drive, Knightswood, Glasgow.

These competitors share the First Prize of £450, and a cheque for £112 10s. will be sent to each.

The Award of £100 to Runners-up has been divided between 76 competitors from whose we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £1 6s. 4d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 814 entrants from whose we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING SQUARE

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point SELT and SERT were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

WINNING WORDS

ACROSS—1. STROP. 4. CAKE. 6. FACE. 8. LET. 9. STORE. 12. DOILY. 16. HOSE. 17. TELL. 19. ACT. 20. MAY. 21. FROST.

DOWN—1. SALT. 2. TIE. 3. FACE. 5. KNOT. 7. SELT or SERT. 10. CELL. 11. ROD. 12. DEBT. 13. POWER. 14. LINT. 15. CLAY. 18. ERA.

X-WORD AID POST-FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war-time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 188, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Save" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, February 10, 1940.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to total entry-fee of 4/-.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, February 22. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

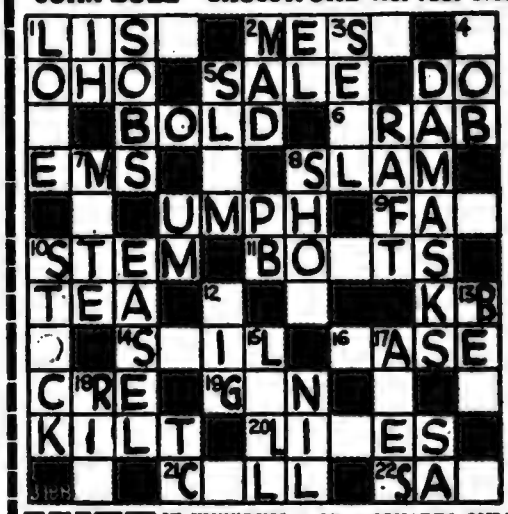
5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £450 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-One Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

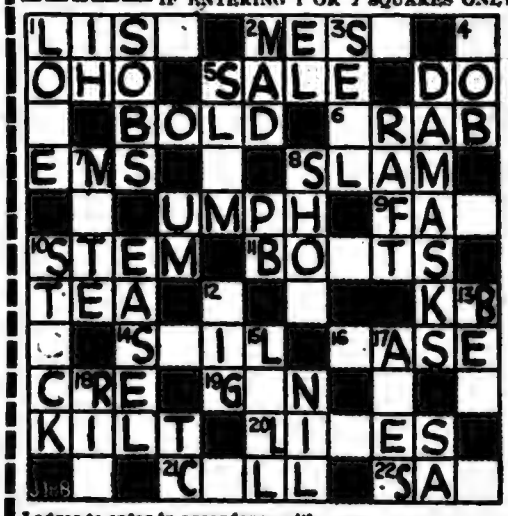
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 188. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10.



IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions. Affixed are 1½d. stamps at the rate of 3d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below.)

Name.....

Address.....

P.O. Value..... No.....

REMEMBER ALSO TO ADD YOUR NAME & ADDRESS TO LABEL

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here	FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps
FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps	FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing exclusive of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE).

"GAZETTE" LABEL

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

.....

.....

.....

20.....

POOLS NOTES

By "Poolex"

MY latest analysis is made by comparing expert predictions with results, and is a useful guide in making your selections and forecasts for your weekly pools coupon.

Teams marked "D" (dependable) usually produce the results expected, and for these the "form" forecast should be followed.

Letter "B" indicates a team that is playing better than generally expected. You should follow the experts when they favour these teams, not if they oppose them. Teams indicated as "W" (meaning that they are playing worse than expected) are likely to produce results below "form" expectation. Forecasts favouring "W" teams are likely to fail.

Erratic teams are marked "E." Avoid them if you can. If they appear on restricted lists where you must deal with them, cover them fully. 1 x 2, as far as possible.

South A.	H.	A.	South B.	H.	A.
Arsenal	D	W	Aldershot ..	E	D
Charlton ..	W	W	Bournm'th .	D	W
Clapton O...	E	B	Brentford ..	D	E
Crystal P. ..	B	W	Brighton ..	B	D
Millwall ..	W	D	Chelsea ..	W	B
Norwich ..	B	D	Fulham ..	E	E
Southend ..	B	D	Portsmouth .	W	E
Spurs	E	W	Queen's P.R.	D	B
West Ham..	D	E	Reading ..	D	B
Watford ..	B	B	S'thampton .	W	D
East Midland.			**Western.**		
Barnsley ..	E	E	Chester ..	D	D
Chesterfield .	W	E	Crewe	D	D
Doncaster ..	B	D	Everton ..	W	B
Grimsby ..	D	W	Liverpool ..	W	E
Lincoln ..	E	E	Man. C.	W	D
Mansfield ..	D	W	Man. U. ..	D	D
Notts C. ..	E	D	N. Brighton .	D	D
Notts F. ..	E	D	Port Vale ..	E	D
Rotherham .	B	B	Stockport ..	E	D
Sheffield U. .	D	B	Stoke	D	D
Sheffield W. .	W	D	Tranmere ..	D	D
			Wrexham ..	B	B
North-Western.			**North-Eastern.**		
Accrington .	B	D	Bradford ..	B	E
Barrow	E	D	Bradford C. .	D	B
Blackburn ..	W	D	Darlington ..	E	D
Blackpool ..	W	D	Halifax ..	W	B
Bolton	D	W	Hartlepools .	D	E
Burnley ..	D	D	Huddersfield	W	B
Bury	B	B	Hull	E	D
Carlisle	B	B	Leeds	D	E
Oldham	E	E	Middlesbro' .	D	W
Preston N.E.	D	E	Newcastle ..	D	B
Rochdale ..	B	B	York	B	W
Southport ..	D	D			
South-Western.			**Midland.**		
Bristol C. ..	E	E	Birm'ham ..	E	E
Bristol R. ..	B	B	Coventry ..	W	D
Cardiff	W	W	Leicester ..	W	E
Newport ..	W	D	Luton	D	D
Plymouth ..	D	W	N'thampton .	D	B
Swansea ..	D	D	Walsall ..	D	D
Swindon ..	D	E	W. Brom. ..	D	D
Torquay ..	B	E	Wolves	D	D
Scottish East.			**Scottish West.**		
Aberdeen ..	D	W	Airdrie	E	E
Alloa	D	E	Albion R. ..	D	D
Arbroath ..	B	D	Ayr	E	B
Cowdenb'th .	W	E	Celtic	E	B
Dundee	D	B	Clyde	D	B
Dundee U. ..	E	D	Dumbarton .	E	D
Dunfermline	E	E	Hamilton ..	E	B
East Fife ..	W	B	Kilmarnock .	W	D
Falkirk ..	D	D	Morton	E	D
Hearts	D	B	Motherwell .	D	W
Hibernian ..	W	B	Partick	W	D
King's Pk. ..	E	D	Queen's P. ..	E	D
Raith R. ..	E	D	Queen of S. .	D	B
St. Bernards .	D	E	Rangers ..	D	E
St. J'nstone .	E	D	St. Mirren ..	E	D
Stenh'semuir	W	D	Third Lanark	W	D

COBRA
gives a lovely polish so easily
And being WHITE it does not change the original colour of floors, furniture or linoleum.
COBRA WHITE
WAX FLOOR POLISH
3D 6D & Larger sizes
CIHBI

● The B.B.C. now has a strong man to short circuit official delay and speed up the all-day world-wide propaganda broadcasts in seventeen languages . . .

Calling All Nations

THE appointment by Sir John Reith, new Minister of Information, of a former B.B.C. chief, Mr. Lindsay Wellington, as Director of Broadcasting Relations at the Ministry, is likely to cause a great change in Britain's 24-hour-a-day overseas broadcasts.

Night and day the B.B.C. drives the truth into Germany, gives neutrals British news and views, counters enemy propaganda in these countries and British possessions.

B.B.C. news-bulletins and news-talks sweep across the world fifty times in every twenty-four hours in seventeen languages.

And the propaganda will become even more effective with the appointment of Mr. Lindsay Wellington.

HE will minimise delays in the overseas rooms at Broadcasting House, caused by inevitable consultations with Foreign Office experts before much of the news could be broadcast.

Zeesen's "poison voices" will now be answered almost as soon as they have died on the air.

Mr. Wellington will speed up the quick effect of the overseas broadcast.

Broadcasting House has been called the modern Tower of Babel. But the only confusion about these broadcasts is the variety of tongues in which they are spoken.

In the overseas studios of Broadcasting House you can imagine that you are in half the countries of the globe.

A German is giving a straight talk to Germany, where anti-Nazis are risking imprisonment by listening.

An Austrian is telling the truth to his annexed country.

A Czech is doing the same.

Other announcers are speaking in Italian, French, Arabic, Spanish and Portuguese (for Europe), Spanish and Portuguese (for South America), Africaans, Polish, Greek, Rumanian, Turkish, even Serbo-Croat and Magyar.

Every item of news suppressed by the Nazis is promptly broadcast in seventeen languages.

Two years ago the B.B.C. was broadcasting only in English.

Then Nazi lies about British treatment of the Arabs in Palestine brought about the first broadcast in Arabic.

The Munich crisis produced others in German, Italian and French within a few hours.

Now this Overseas Service has become Big Business.

BESIDES actual announcers, there are directors and editors deciding what can most effectively be used in this or that language the moment news comes red hot "over the tape."

There are the sub-editors condensing the facts. Then men and women translators and shorthand-typists get to work before the finished typescript is handed to the linguist at the "mike."

Another staff studies the reaction to these broadcasts in the countries to which they are transmitted.

Yet another department is listening to foreign broadcasts from everywhere, so that what the world is saying over the air can be effectively answered.

Consider what a galaxy and diversity of talent is needed for all this, and you receive a glimmering of an idea of the organisation behind "B.B.C. Calling the World."

Meanwhile, experts possessing an intimate knowledge not only of the languages, but also of the lives and psychology of the peoples of the nations concerned, are busy as advisers.

B.B.C. Overseas Service has had to invent a new simplicity of language in seventeen languages.

Some criticism has been made about the Service because it does not sensationalise and distort its news and talks after the manner familiar to those listening to Nazi broadcasts.

Its answer is that plain statement of fact is better propaganda than exaggeration.

Every day the Nazi radio claims some victory against Britain and by this time has sunk our Fleet several times.

B.B.C. Overseas Service shuns such methods. Truth will out, and when it does, the disillusion is all the more effective.

There will be little change now that Sir John Reith, as Minister of Information, has regained control of part of Broadcasting House by appointing a B.B.C. man as Director of Broadcasting Relations at the Ministry.

But a strong man was needed to short circuit the circumlocution methods that sent many Overseas Service talks through the Foreign Office, the Fighting Service Departments, the Censorship and other "higher-ups" before they have gone belatedly over the air.

Race with "Silver Ring"

I SYMPATHISE with the reader who wrote asking whether I could give him the names of the horses running in the Grand National that were bred in Ireland, because he dreamed that an Irish-bred horse won the race.

He must dream again to identify the winner a little more precisely!

About 90 per cent. of our best 'chasers are reared in Ireland.

The only Grand National winner since 1918 that was not Irish-bred was the American horse Battleship, but as far as flat-racing is concerned it is still true that most of the best horses in the world are English-bred.

Although some Continental studs are achieving great successes, they have to come here for their stock.

Britain is furthest ahead of all rivals in racing in its production of first-class jockeys. Over the sticks and on the flat we have the finest and the fairest race-riders in the world.

It is significant that many big stables on the Continent employ English riders.

Through the Editor of the *Sporting Life*, one well-known jockey has been given a retainer for the coming season to ride for a prominent Hungarian owner.

It should hearten us to carry on with our own racing when we learn that in Budapest they contemplate running through a normal season.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 1, to Wednesbury, February 7.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U 97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: S9398FKQ93W would read KINGSHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ93Z2 would read ACHILL.

"WHAT *can* I give the child to stop that continual, hacking cough? It's nothing but cough, cough, cough all day long, and half the night, too!"

Well, mother, there *is* one safe, sure remedy—'Pineate' Honey Cough-Syrup, the remedy which is being prescribed every day by doctors, nurses and clinics. Here's what Dr. A. F., the Physician in charge of a large London clinic writes: "I feel I must write regarding the continued good results I am getting with 'Pineate.' Hardly a day goes by without my recommending it for some child."

'Pineate' is the unique *triple-action* cough remedy. It kills germs, loosens phlegm, and soothes and heals all inflammation. And the honey makes it just delicious to take. One dose will stop the nastiest spasm of coughing almost in an instant. Get a 1/6d. bottle from the chemist to-day. Remember, too, 'Pineate' is wonderfully economical — only *half a teaspoonful* to a dose.

'Pineate'
Brand HONEY Regd
COUGH-SYRUP

STOP GASTRIC PAINS!

THE QUICKEST WAY

is to remove the *cause* of the trouble—excess stomach acid. Recent medical research and X-ray experiments proved that 'Bisurated' Magnesia contains the quickest-acting and most effective antacid and stomach correctives known to medical science.

ECONOMY SIZES 1/3 & 2/6
(POWDER or TABLETS)

EASE TICKLING THROAT SUCK A **ZUBE** 4d. & 7d. in flat tins

Pleasant
"ONE-DAY"
way to
BANISH CONSTIPATION

Doctors agree that persistent dosings of laxatives are often injurious. To form a *habit* of laxative taking is almost as bad as having constipation.

Feen-a-mint has solved the problem of constipation for millions of intelligent people. They find it is *safe* because with Feen-a-mint daily dosing is unnecessary. Feen-a-mint is the occasional, natural laxative. It puts your system right the *first time*; regulates it *at once* and puts you back to normal, healthy regularity!

What's more, Feen-a-mint has no unpleasant after-effects whatsoever. It is simple and pleasant to take; that's why kiddies love it. Feen-a-mint acts quickly and naturally. Right after taking Feen-a-mint you *feel good*. No headaches, indigestion, lassitude, bad complexion. Feen-a-mint makes you feel fit and vital again—the *first time*! Don't wait any longer. Get your Feen-a-mint today. You'll be glad you did! And if you're not satisfied your money will be refunded. Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.

Be as Young at 50 As You Were at 25

Here's the greatest medical discovery of modern times—made by a group of Medical Institute doctors. A tonic especially made for men of 40, 50 or 60 who feel old or rundown, worn-out, exhausted, low in vitality. Contains raw oyster stimulants, invigorators for blood, nerves, glands, organs, special vitamins for vitality and youth. First dose starts new life, vigour, vital force, youth. For both sexes. Get bottle *full strength* OVSTRAX Brand Tonic Tablets to-day. Introductory price *only* 1/9. If not delighted, maker refunds its *low* price. For sale at all chemists; all branches Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors.

NEW LIFE, PEP, YOUTH OVERNIGHT FOR MEN PAST 40

CLEAN OUT CATARRH

Banish awful stuffiness. Take a new lease of life.

Got Catarrh? *Then make this your lucky day!* Nose bunged up with mucus so that you can hardly breathe? *You can be a New Person to-morrow!* Smear NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy inside each nostril. It opens stuffed-up nasal passages in no time! "NOSTROLINE" acts *instantly*. Clears head. Soothes soreness. Kills germs. Lubricates. Heals. 15,000 *Doctors endorse* "*NOSTROLINE*." For Catarrh, Colds, 'Flu. All Chemists 1/3.

'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J.12, Bristol 8.

LIVER, KIDNEY & STOMACH TROUBLES

If you are suffering agonising days and sleepless nights, what can be more encouraging to you than to read of the marvellous recovery of Mr. Moore, Roby, Liverpool, who writes:—"One of the worst victims of Stomach trouble for 5 years, I have been X-rayed 19 times. I suffered agony, could not sleep. I tried most medicines without success, but Vitadatio is a really wonderful remedy. Before, I could not eat—food was a dread. Now I can eat and sleep. Life is worth living." Vitadatio succeeds when all else fails. Get a bottle to-day. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- & 5/- per bottle, or per post (6d. extra in U.K.) From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. Write for FREE BOOK L.M. 121

THE LAST LAUGH

THE KID By LEES

EDWARD (Edgware).—"I was feeling my way along the road in the black-out and came to a door which I opened, and found myself in a brightly lit saloon bar." You have a wonderful sense of direction.

D. B. N. (Stafford).—"Have you a pet grouse in your office?" No, not even a canary.

PTE. C. (Aldershot).—"How should I end a letter to my commanding officer?" With a fullstop.

D. M. (Luton).—"As a schoolboy I didn't mind facing a thrashing." That's not the usual attitude.

H. W. (Slough).—"I have just missed my train these last four days running." Then try running faster.

T. M. (Milford).—"If I stole my neighbour's ration-book and took it to a shop, would I be served?" Yes, with a summons.

F. N. (Morden).—"In a breach of promise action it was stated that it had been a case of love at first sight." In the black-out?

COUNCILLOR (Essex).—"He kept interrupting the meeting with acid remarks and was ruled out of order." Perhaps his liver was, too.

S. B. C. (Chelsea).—"Carrier pigeons are of great use in war time." It is untrue, however, that parrots are being trained to take verbal messages.

D. M. (Keyham).—"Not content with making me exercise her yapping little dog every morning, my wife keeps hinting that its licence is now overdue." She expects you to take that out, too?

VETERAN (Runcorn).—"I really feel like committing murder because the Army doesn't want me, the Navy doesn't want me, and the Air Force doesn't want me." Then, in the case of murder, the police will.

L. P. (Troon).—"The person who first thought of the spiral staircase was a world benefactor." Even more praise is due to the genius who so happily adapted the idea and produced the corkscrew.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"W—— and I PICKED up our blue-tipped ears."

ARGUS:—"They will provide TEASE and refreshments."

THE YORKSHIRE OBSERVER:—"I watched the forty PETTY girls being chosen for various duties."

THE STAR:—"The Soviet navy has mined the entrance to Baltiski, the ETONIAN port in the Gulf of Finland. . . ."

CLEVELAND STANDARD:—"The ratepayer contended that he had never DECEIVED a demand note."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—". . . and of the misery wrought by gambling, drink and IMMORTALITY."

NEWS OF THE WORLD:—". . . evaded the goalkeeper and dribbled the BELL into the empty net."

NORTH WALES WEEKLY NEWS:—"One, after narrowly missing a gasometer and several buildings off an East Coast town, crashed into the TEA just off the shore."

THE HUDDERSFIELD DAILY EXAMINER:—". . . he would be prepared to see his parents STARE rather than assist in growing food."

R. S. (Lyminge).—"My brother is really very generous with his cigarettes." See letter below.

J. S. (Lyminge).—"I often snaffle cigarettes from my brother's pockets when he's asleep. The poor sap is so unobservant he never misses them." See letter above.

D. S. (Malvern).—"What do they do to a sentry who is found asleep while on duty?" Wake him up.

TOM (Derby).—"I would like you to taste one of my wife's puddings." Why, what is your grudge against us?

O. L. (Dursley).—"It was with great difficulty that he got me to admit that I loved him." He squeezed it out of you?

DORIS (Maidenhead).—"I like indoor sports up to a point." You mean so long as they behave themselves nicely?

B. M. (Bath).—"I have been advised to stop experimenting on my new high explosive bomb." Is it wise to drop a thing like that?

N. C. (Lancs).—"Ours must be the healthiest village in the country—we've had only one death in the last 15 years." The doctor—from starvation?

F. D. L. (Balham).—"At our party we all sat round the fire and ate chestnuts." You were lucky. At ours somebody stood in front of it and told them.

P. F. (Paignton).—"For sheer laziness and rudeness, my son would take a lot of beating." Well, if he's so willing, why not let him have it?

ARCHIE (Taunton).—"I suffer cruelly at times from indigestion, you can take it from me." No, thanks! We've got troubles of our own already.

N. D. (Ipswich).—"The popinjay manager of my firm is always dressed fit to kill." And has no one had the nerve to do it yet?

S. C. (Selby).—"Eve was unique in that she was the first woman, but was there anything else remarkable about her?" Yes, she is the only woman who never threatened to go home to mother.

SAMMY (Newcastle).—"I think it is a fact that men generally are more truthful than women." Well, a man may speak the truth fairly often, but he always played a better game of golf several years ago than he does now.

L. D. (Stoke).—"I look forward to an after-dinner nap each Sunday." Yours or your wife's?

G. P. (Bedford).—"Is it wise to judge a girl by her looks?" No, she may have dreamy eyes and yet be very wide awake.

F. L. (Colindale).—"What is the best way of breaking the habit of talking to myself?" Why not ask yourself questions and then refuse to answer them?

B. B. (Lincoln).—"Believe me, a cold bath in the winter will put an end to all your ills." But we are not anxious to have our epitaph read yet awhile.

J. F. (Woking).—"Do you know anything better than hot whisky when you have a cold?" Yes, hot whisky when you've not got a cold.

E. L. (Southend).—"I told my wife outright that she couldn't hempeck me, and now I can hold my head up again." We are glad it has recovered from the effects.

B. C. (Salisbury).—"The modern kid is more amazing every day. I asked my small boy on Friday evening when I returned home how far it was from London to York, and what do you think he said?" The same distance as from York to London.

MRS. J. C. (Jersey).—"With food prices higher I think it very extravagant of my husband to eat jam and butter on the same piece of bread." On the other hand, he's making the one piece of bread serve for both.

M. S. (Gravesend).—"We've been teaching our little son the alphabet and he is really wonderful. What do you think he replied when we asked him what comes after A?" R.P.?

ALGY (Bude).—"I can't make up my mind whether to join the Navy or the Army." How anxiously both of them must be waiting!

SOPRANO (Cheshire).—"During my song there was a sound of an air raid syren, but the audience didn't move." They probably thought it was you.

T. J. (Hendon).—"Do you think I shall ever use the dug-out which I made at the beginning of the war?" Well, spring cleaning will soon be here.

P. P. (Bromsgrove).—"Every public speaker should have a voice capable of filling a large hall." And not, as is so often the case, the nearest bar.

F. A. (Norbury).—"For one thing we shall not forget Hore-Belisha, because his Belisha beacons are noticed by everybody." Except by some motorists when pedestrians try to cross the road.

HOW I PUT ON POUNDS

In a month I had put on 28 lbs. Read this letter. "Until a few months ago I was one of the army of scraggy and weak victims. I dreaded public appearances and grew morose and soured. I tried dieting, exercises, patent foods and specifics, but never a sign of success. After repeated failures I was persuaded to try Irvona and the result was most astounding. In a month I had put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a skinny, underweight weakling to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality." Irvona contains Iron for the Blood, Calcium for the Bones, and Phosphorus for the Brain and Nerves, and conquers that vital deficiency which keeps you nervy, skinny, and weak. Try it to-day under the Money Back offer in every box.

"IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all Chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct, post free on receipt of price, from: IRVONA (Dept. 208), 1, GREEK STREET, LONDON, W.1. *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.*

FINE Bullets CASH plus RADIO PRIZES

Well over 500 RADIOS WON ALREADY — Who's Next?

£200 plus SUPERB All-mains RADIO SET

THIS WAY TO WIN CASH AND RADIO!

ARE *you* a JOHN BULL reader who has yet to enter a *Bullets* coupon? If so, you are missing one of the most entertaining features in these pages—you are missing the pleasures of an ideal fireside hobby—and you are letting others pocket big prizes which could just as well be yours!

You cannot do better than start *Bullets* now, for the finest offer of Cash-plus-Radio prizes since war began lends extra zest to competing this week—and a £200 cheque provides your golden bull's-eye.

To make a Bullet, you have only to add any TWO, THREE or FOUR words of appropriate original comment to any of the Examples below.

There are 17 prize *Bullets* in the result on this page, each showing in its own way how simply a few well-chosen words can be linked up with an *Example* and bring a big cheque for a few minutes' thought.

Get busy now, complete your *Bullets* entry, post on or before Saturday, February 10 and a First Prize Joy Wire a few days later may give you the thrill of a lifetime!

£20 plus RADIO	£10 plus RADIO	10 of £2·10 EACH PLUS RADIO	-YOUR- £5·19·6 RADIO —the elegant "Little Maestro" model in walnut, for A.C. or D.C. current. BICYCLE or BIG ARMCHAIR IF PREFERRED.
£5 plus RADIO	£4 plus RADIO	£3 plus RADIO	
25 of 10/-	200 SURPRISE AWARDS value 5/-	2,000 STREA AWARDS	

N.B. Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 32, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword weekly.

'BULLETS' 1,203 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE—OR £500 CASH

S. HARTSHORN, 133, Breach Road, Langley, Heanor, Notts.

Example: WORLD WE LIVE IN
Bullet: DYING FOR COUNTRY CONDEMNS.

SECOND PRIZE, £30:

D. GREEN, Jnr., 37, Watcombe Circus, Carrington, Nottingham.

Example: Round The Office
Bullet: Vaulted Stools—"Unseating" Nazis.

THIRD PRIZE, £15:

J. RODGERS, 42, Queen's Drive, Barnsley, Yorkshire.

Example: Little Finland
Bullet: Shows Resource—Shower Resources!

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: Miss L. CRIDGE, Kennel Lane, Reepham, nr. Lincoln.
To Beat The Bombers—Every "Shift" Is Justified.

£5: Mrs. K. BARRACLOUGH, 20, Woodlands Grove, Cottingley, Bingley, Yorks.
Europe's Gangsters—"*Back*" Each Other's "Stabs."

£4: E. CLEAVER, 62, Bristol Street, Walney, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.
Square Meal—Saved *Coroner* "Satisfying Himself."

£3: G. HUNTLEY, 31, Longhedge Street, Battersea, S.W.
If Beer's Rationed—"*Me* Drink *Two* Only?"
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

J. L. DOVE, 19, Beswick Avenue, Ensbury Park, Bournemouth.
Europe's Gangsters—"Held Up" *By* Bankers.

P. GEE, "Elveden," 70, Broad Road, Sale, Manchester.
If Beer's Rationed—There's Water! There's Cure!

W. HAMMOND, "Redstock," Gainsboro' Drive, Pitsea, Pitsea, Essex.
If Beer's Rationed—*Temperance* Giving Dad "Rats."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

C. D. HOUSE, "Tresco," Tyning Road, Saltford, nr. Bristol.
If Beer's Rationed—Relieving *Father's* "Convoy," Too!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

S. J. E. IREDELL, 52, Poulters Lane, Worthing.
Can't Be Described—As Hitler's "Shadow," Goering!

G. POLLARD, 20, Santley Street, Clapham, London, S.W.
Time's On Our Side, But—Sonny's Nearly Sixteen Now.

E. B. RATCLIFFE, 10, Board Street, Burnley, Lancs.
To Beat The Bombers—"Reception" Prepared. All "Areas."

R. G. ROGERS, 7, Tamworth Road, Polesworth, nr. Tamworth.
If Beer's Rationed—We'll *Sip* To Victory!

Miss E. R. TOLLEY, 31, William Street, Windsor, Berks.
Mountains Of Work—On England's Untilled Plains.

D. C. TORRANCE, 37, Blatchington Road, Hove, Sussex.
What Dad Wants—Join Lads—Joints Lag.

List of 25 winners of £1 and 200 winners of Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

ENTER ON THESE NEW EASY-TO-USE STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

Extra entries on plain paper will be accepted at same rate of entry-fee.

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

ADDRESS LABEL ABOVE TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN, DATED FEB. 24, YOUR FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS 20

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,207

Closing postmark, SAT., FEB. 13.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

NAME and ADDRESS on both LABEL and COUPON

ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO LABEL ALSO

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE	FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE	FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE	FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE
For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.		For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.	

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

CUT RIGHT ROUND THIS DOTTED LINE

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

IN BRITAIN TO-DAY
IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS
THE ALLIES ARE WINNING, BUT
AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE
INVISIBLE
TOMMY'S WIFE
NOW SANDY'S A SOLDIER
MAN'S MISTAKE
CRASHED
DAD'S ON MUNITIONS, SO
ONE OF THE BEST
TO ENTERTAIN THE TROOPS
ACROSS THE SEA
WAR-TIME ROMANCE
GOOD SHOW
BURNING
ON THE SCRAP-HEAP
POOLED
IF CLOTHES ARE RATIONED
CAUGHT IN THE SEARCHLIGHT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

AWKWARD FOR .....
..... GRANDPA
DANGEROUS .....
TO ..... HITLER
FRIEND OF .....
HOPE'S .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,207

Closing postmark SAT., FEB. 10

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE	FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE	FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE	FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE
For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.		For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.	

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose **TWO** or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for *Bullets* No. 1,207 or X-Word No. 188 entry value 1s. or over, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,207, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, FEB. 10.

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

For the BLOOD, VEINS, ARTERIES and HEART

It Acts Like Magic!

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

Take it—and Stop Limping

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of 'Elasto'. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish, and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'—*the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

What is 'Elasto'? This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is free, together with a generous Free Sample (see coupon below). Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say!

"No sign of varicose veins now."

"My Doctor highly praises 'Elasto'."

"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."

"As soon as I started taking 'Elasto' I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."

"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."

"For seven years my leg had been running from four varicose ulcers and I cannot describe the pain I suffered. Now they have all healed and my general health has greatly improved due to the wonderful qualities of 'Elasto'."

"My piles are gone; my legs are better, and I feel fitter in my general health."

"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but 'Elasto' cured me."

"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."

"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to 'Elasto', my leg is now completely cured."

"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but 'Elasto' cured me."

"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved."

"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to 'Elasto'."

"It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath."

"I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded: the results are magic."

"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 66."

"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit." Etc., Etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of 'ELASTO'—the wonderful new Biomedical remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Stagnation Means Decay!

SOME of the most painful and distressing ailments that afflict mankind are the direct result of poor or sluggish circulation of the blood. Take, for example, that very common disability, varicose veins. Here we have one of the physical consequences of cell-starvation, a weakening of the vein walls and of the surrounding tissues due to an impoverished blood supply brought about by a stagnating blood stream, or, in other words, bad circulation. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building and for the removal of toxic waste materials, and health MUST result. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

FREE

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